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[ONE PENNY.]

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

PARLIAMENT adjourned last Saturday, to re-assemble on October 12, prepared for the great battle of the Licensing Bill. The achievements of the past Session include two Government measures of the first importance, the first step towards a system of Old Age Pensions, and the Irish Universities Act.

THE members of the International Peace Congress were entertained at dinner by the British Government on Friday evening last week at the Hotel Cecil. This fact in itself was no less significant than the reception of the delegates by the King at Buckingham Palace. The Prime Minister, in proposing the toast of the evening, "The International Peace Movement," said that while a prudent statesmanship was obliged to provide against the contingencies of war, "the plain fact remains that there is at this moment no enterprise in the world more worthy of the efforts and the energies of good men than to devise some practicable means, not only of minimising all risks of international quarrels, but for providing a rational substitute for the arbitrament of arms."

THE 350th anniversary of the founding of the University of Jena was celebrated with great rejoicings on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday of last week. The University had its origin in the faith and courage of the Kurfürst Johann Friedrich, in the hour of his defeat, when he was a prisoner of the Emperor, and had lost

his lands and with them the University of Wittenberg. Determined that there should yet be a school for the training of teachers and ministers of the Protestant faith, he caused such a school to be established at Jena in 1548, and this in 1558 was raised to the rank of a full University.

JENA looks back to the days of its greatest glory at the close of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth century, when Goethe and Schiller, Schlegel, Scheilling, and Fichte, and other famous men, were closely associated with its life. Hegel also began his career as a teacher there. Later in the last century the Church historian Hase, the philosopher Kuno Fischer, and the New Testament scholar Hilgenfeld were among its notable teachers. Jena's reputation as a school of liberal religious thought is now well maintained by the presence there of Eucken, Wendt, and Weinl. In the sphere of natural science its best known name is that of Haeckel. Jena has in all 114 professors and lecturers, and about 1,600 students.

THE celebrations last week included a service in the Stadt Kirche, at which Professor Thümmel was the preacher, and the opening of the fine new University Buildings, which have been erected on the site of the old Schloss. Among those who received honorary degrees in connection with the celebration were Dr. Estlin Carpenter, Principal of Manchester College, Oxford (in the Faculty of Theology), Mr. James Bryce, British Ambassador in Washington and formerly Regius Professor of Civil Law at Oxford (in the Faculty of Law), and Professors Overton and Sir W. Ramsay of London (in the Faculty of Medicine).

THE "First International Moral Education Congress," which is to meet in London, September 25-29, will be an event of great importance, as the official programme shows. The ministers of education of nine countries are patrons, and the general committee includes representatives, in most cases many, from fourteen countries. It is clear, therefore, that the congress has been organised with care, and its success is practically assured if only a fair proportion of those who are interested in the subject will make an effort to be in London at the time and attend the meetings, which are to be held in the University of London, South Kensington.

BEARING in mind that this is but the first of what is hoped will prove a long series

of similar congresses, the organisers propose to restrict its proceedings to a "general survey of school problems from a moral point of view, leaving untouched the questions of home education, of self-education, and of religious and philosophical education. . . . The congress will limit itself to matters which equally interest all who value the ethical aspect in school education, without assuming that religious and philosophical questions are not of importance in moral education, and without excluding references to religious and philosophical points of view." Headmasters and mistresses of our leading schools, both high and elementary, college lecturers, experts in different branches of the subject, and writers known far and wide will take part; and the whole forms an unparalleled opportunity for the study of this absolutely paramount question. Among the names of our own countrymen who will contribute papers or specimen lessons, &c., are Dr. Gow (Westminster), Sir Arthur Hort (Harrow), Mrs. Humphry Ward, Canon Glazebrook, Canon Lyttleton (Eton), Canon Wilson, Prof. Muirhead, Mr. J. L. Paton (Manchester), Sir John Kirk, Mr. F. J. Gould, Miss E. C. Jones (Girton), Prof. Sadler (Manchester), and others equally well known. All papers will be printed and circulated beforehand, and will be taken as read, precedence in the discussions being given to the writers. Speeches are to be limited to five minutes! We strongly urge our friends to write for the complete programme to Mr. Gustav Spiller, 13, Buckingham-street, Strand, W.C., the general secretary. A membership fee of 10s. 6d. entitles to a copy of the congress report. All printed congress matter can be obtained by those unable to attend by the pre-payment of 5s. Members of educational associations receiving their congress cards through their association pay only 7s. 6d.

THE report of the Select Committee which for six months has been considering the conditions of employment in trades in which home work prevails—i.e., "sweated" industries—has been issued, and declares that Parliamentary interference is urgently needed. The Committee finds that the earnings of large numbers of people—mainly women who work in their own homes—are insufficient to sustain life in the most meagre manner, even with hard toil for very long hours. While there is an abundant supply of unorganised, cheap labour and no minimum wage established, it seems beyond the power of small employers and contractors, themselves unorganised, and keenly competing with each other

for the custom of wholesale houses, and for small profits, to give more than the lowest rate of pay at which they can get the work done.

AMONG the most important recommendations of the Committee, legislation, at first tentative and experimental, is advocated for home workers in the tailoring, shirtmaking, under-clothing, and baby-linen trades and in the finishing processes of machine-made lace, and that the Home Secretary should be empowered after inquiry made, to establish Wages Boards for any other trades. Wages Boards should be established in selected trades to fix minimum time and piece rates of payment for home industries. It should be an offence to pay or offer lower rates than such minimum rate, and the time taken in delivery and collection of work should be paid for. All home workers employed by other persons should be required to register their names and addresses and receive a certificate from the Local Authority, and employers should be required to keep accurate out-workers' lists, and employ only such as are registered. An extension of the provisions of Section 9 of the Public Health Act, 1875, and the full protection of the Truck Act should be secured for home workers.

THE vacation school at the Passmore Edwards Settlement in Tavistock-square is now open for its seventh annual session, and about a thousand children throng the large garden at the back of the settlement belonging to the Duke of Bedford. There the children find a large sand-pit to play in and opportunities for cricket, gymnastics, basket-ball, &c. In the adjoining buildings carpentering and cooking classes are held. There is not accommodation for all the children who would like to come.

ON a smaller scale vacation schools are held in Council schools at Hoxton, Bethnal Green and Bow in connection with the evening Play Centres Committee. About 400 to 500 children are expected daily at each. At Bow use has been made of the roof playground. The London County Council has lent the schools and provided furniture and equipment for manual training. Other expenses have been met by three private donors.

AFTER prolonged and serious discussion at the Wesleyan Methodist Conference upon recommendations which would have modified the basis of membership in the Wesleyan church, by frankly and openly allowing those members who could not or would not attend a class, to put themselves in due order by attendance at the meetings of the society as a whole, an amendment moved by the Rev. F. L. Wiseman was carried by a considerable majority, 271 to 208. This amendment, which would have practically upset the work of the committee altogether, did not become the substantive resolution; for an amendment upon it was moved and carried with practical unanimity in which the conference resolved to take no further action "until the mind of our people generally has been ascertained."

The recommendations are, therefore, to be submitted to the district Synods for their judgment. This delays the settlement for some time longer; but it is pretty evident that, the question having once been fairly faced, it will be impossible to insist on attendance at class as essential; it will be equally impossible to advertise to new members that it will be sufficient to have their names on a class book without the duty of attendance. What shall be essential is still the problem.

It was noted some years ago by a casual visitor to a sort of heretic church in an orthodox town: "In this church Divine worship is paid to God the Father only." It ought surely to have been a relief to the visitor to find himself in such a church—a church where the word Christian means only follower of Jesus Christ, where Christ's *condescension in being human* is no more insisted on than that of any man who happens to be born; where all our delight and gratitude are evoked by the fact that when he actually did live in this world, he so lived that the world was never the same place again; that to live where he has lived, to have caught some echo of his message, to have heard the legend of his life and death, is to be awakened to a new ideal, and to be subject henceforth to the inquisition of a more sensitive conscience. A religion whose main principles are the goodness of God and the imitableness of Christ is not indeed a religion lightly to be accepted, for it puts to a fearful test one's faith and one's faithfulness; but it releases us from entanglements and allows us, if we will, to devote our mental and moral strength not to the solving of intellectual riddles, but to the cultivation of the Christ-like life.

It may be confessed that the above remarks were called forth by a reading of the official sermon of the President of the Wesleyan Conference. It was praised in the highest terms by hearers who should be well able to judge. Yet the ordinary reader will find that its meaning has often to be guessed as if it were a riddle. The Ascension is declared to be the glorification and the spiritualisation of Christ; these again are explained to be inseparable from his humiliation, and all these can only be understood in the light of the Incarnation. And again: "The Alpha of Divinity is necessary to the Omega of Redemption, and to all that lies between in his wondrous life and work. His immanent relation to the spiritual life is the guarantee of his ascension 'above all the heavens.'" It need not be denied that excellent practical lessons may be enforced from a standing ground that has only been reached after a toilsome struggle through a philosophical system that seems to have very little contact with reality; but it may very well be remembered that if the Master himself knew anything of such notions as those given above he did not make use of them; but when asked for his authority contented himself with giving a very broad hint that his authority was very much like that of John the Baptist, *i.e.*, the authority of one who knew his own work, and was prepared to suffer for it.

THE Rev. A. B. P. Alexander, minister of the United Free Church at Langbank, and author of a successful *Short History of Philosophy* published last year, contributes a notice of the late Otto Pfeiderer to last week's *Scottish Review*. Its close is as follows:—"For more than a quarter of a century he has exercised a powerful influence upon the university life of Berlin; and while he has firmly opposed the newer Ritschlian theology, and contended from the earliest on behalf of the rights of the theoretic Reason to an acknowledged place in the interpretation of God and the world, he has also done not a little by the spirituality of his teaching to counteract the popular materialistic tendencies which have spread throughout Germany as a consequence of the one-sided devotion to physical science. In private life Dr. Pfeiderer was an upright and pure-minded man, who sought the truth above all things, and endeavoured to be loyal to the lights he knew. He lived an eminently simple life, devoted to the interests of the university, and above all to the studies to which his life was consecrated. A few weeks ago, in a letter to a Scottish correspondent, he deplored the indifference with regard to religious questions which was manifest in his own country and ours, and expressed the hope that the younger men in both lands would face earnestly the problem of religion, and while neglecting no fact of nature, history, or life, would be enabled to present such a 'Weltanschauung' as would be a true synthesis of matter and spirit as well as of faith and life."

DR. CLIFFORD was the subject of last Saturday's "Character Study" in the *Daily News*. Following immediately on the preceding week's "Lord Northcliffe" it formed a striking contrast. Of the large number of representative men in all walks of life brought under the trenchant pen of Mr. Gardiner, the Nonconformist ministers have come off the lightest. But to Dr. Clifford falls the distinction of coming through unscathed, in fact of attaining something like canonisation. For this "study" is unusually sympathetic. It declares Dr. Clifford to be the last of the Puritans. Had he lived two-and-a-half centuries ago, how he would have been favoured by Cromwell as one of his "russet-coated captains!" What sermons he would have preached on the field of carnage as the sun went down! But, if the last of the Puritans, he has none of their harsh Calvinist theology. "Hatred of creeds and passion for the freedom of an awakened conscience are the two motives that actuate him." Forgetful of his splendid achievements at the University of London, where he won degrees in arts, in science, and in law, a meaner section of the Press taunts him with his American Divinity degree. Mr. Gardiner comments: "A foolish and ungenerous taunt. If Oxford and Cambridge have not offered him the honour, so much the worse for Oxford and Cambridge." But better than all university honours will be the endorsement by hundreds of thousands of the world's citizens of Mr. Gardiner's conclusion: "There are few lives that one would rather have lived than this—a life so rich in unselfish service."

CLOSED AND OPEN PATHWAYS TO RELIGION.

I.

THE PATHWAYS OF NATURALISM AND INTELLECTUALISM.

THE subject of religion is of fundamental importance to the world at all times, but probably there has never been a time when a positive construction of religion was more needed than in the present. That a revival of interest in religion is to be witnessed all over the civilised world to-day is of greater significance than success in commerce or the diffusion of education amongst the people. Men of science, men of philosophy, and men of the street are all looking for a synthesis which will include the whole of life. It is interesting here, beneath the genial Southern Cross, to watch the various points of view taken by men in the Northern Hemisphere. Many of us try to keep ourselves aware of these movements that are going on north of the Equator. And how diverse these points of view are! The following are specimens of a large number. The Calvinistic Methodists of Wales demand that the candidates for posts at one of their theological colleges should be sound in the Confession of Faith formulated in the eighteenth century; Mr. Campbell and his followers piece together rather mechanically fragments of liberal theology and spiritism; Sir Oliver Lodge attempts to reconcile the occult and the scientific and to present the whole as a natural science capable of evidences to the senses; Father Tyrrell strives to put spirituality above dogmatism—a dogmatism which he wounds on one page of his books and plasters on the next page; several of the liberal religious thinkers who met lately in Boston, U.S.A., struggle for a psychological explanation of the depths of the human soul; Professor James and Dr. Schiller fight the Absolute and Mr. Bradley with a vigour and a noise of trumpets worthy of the Salvation Army; the usual modesty of idealists such as Professors Henry Jones and J. S. Mackenzie has receded to the background, and a spirit of defence and even defiance has taken hold of them to fight Pragmatism; and finally Mr. Robert Blatchford (who has become a philosopher in spite of his protests), with ardour in the depth of his human soul, feels that Atheism is the salvation of the world. We are witnessing these movements with the greatest interest, and feel that whatever charges of lethargy may be brought against England, the charge of lethargy in the realms of religious and speculative constructions cannot be brought. Out of all these separate struggles there will issue doubtless some solid good when the smell and the smoke of the powder have passed away. This activity in all its chaotic forms is far better than the sleep of inactivity and pessimism.

Life, individually and collectively, needs a new synthesis. Indeed, analysis and synthesis are perpetually needed if we are to obtain a firm hold of the meaning of life, and if the meaning of life is to obtain a firm hold of us. The progress of knowledge yields new factors, and these must be allowed to enter into the lump or totality of life. It may be said that the lump-

view, or the totality-view of life is never the same, and if we look upon this view as the reality for us, we must state that the real grows, and that growth means change, then the capacity to change is a condition of the continued existence of this reality. A danger arises when a piece of this reality is taken as a whole. For some practical purposes this has to be done by science. Science cuts the world in two. On the one hand is to be found the physical world which is the object of its investigation and experiment; on the other hand is to be found its inward world of mental construction which alone explains its physical world. It is astonishing to find how many eminent men of science ignore utterly this fundamental distinction between the two worlds. Indeed, they go so far as to project their mental constructions into the space which the physical world fills, and look upon what is in their minds as being in the physical world. It would lead us too far to show that this is pure fancy, as fanciful as the fairy tales of the past. Probably it is the scientists' intense love for the physical that makes him forget the important distinction mentioned above. A moment's consideration is enough to show that these constructions of the world or of any object in it are something quite other and greater than what is perceived at any particular moment at any particular place. So that men of science are in a hopeless kind of dilemma when they trust their mental conclusions on the one hand as an explanation of the world, and on the other hand conceive of them as being in the physical things themselves. But men of science of this type are gradually disappearing, and probably Professor Haeckel is the last representative of this school of pure realists. He and others of his school have done much for science. They have spent their lives in observation, generalisation, and imagination. They have succeeded in presenting a great intellectual construction of the world of man. But when they strip this construction of its richness and offer us bare physical facts instead as the bread of life, they are offering less than they possess themselves, for they never say anything of the mind which knows, arranges, and gives meaning to the facts.

Not only is this method of the scientist—this naturalism—used wrongly in the field of knowledge, but it is also used in the field of popular Christianity. Evangelical writers of the type of Dr. James Orr and Professor Sanday do the same kind of thing. Their method in dealing with Christianity is the exploded one of Naturalism. They proceed precisely as Professor Haeckel proceeds. The bare facts of Christianity in their external and supposed supernatural forms are presented as if they constituted the foundation principles of the Christian life, and only feeble attempts are made to present the *meaning* which these external facts had in their totality, and to show that the fragmentary facts of the senses are portions only of the clothing of a great spiritual reality. In natural science and popular Christianity the visible and the audible are held up as the real. Haeckel's "gaseous god" and the evangelical's earthly God mean the same thing—viz., to reduce the higher to

the plane of the lower and to explain it by the lower. Naturalism in science in the old-fashioned sense is dying; there is real danger that it should go to live for generations more in the house of evangelicalism. The main factor operating in both is Perception—a power which the animal possesses in common with man. Although perception leads to something higher than itself—to conception, naturalism strips this higher of its meaning and refers it back and below to perception for its validity. Had it not been that the common sense of mankind is stronger than this barren abstraction, naturalism and evangelicalism would have destroyed before this science and religion, for such an abstraction is a waxwork show, and not a view of living human beings. This kind of thing in science is a contradiction which destroys all science and life whenever it looks upon the laws of nature as being some "Ding an sich"—things in the external and not in the mind which knows the things and gives meaning to them. In science and religion it is what the mind is able to make out of the things that is of importance, so that the world is not what it *seems*, but what it *means*. All the visible has to enter into consciousness and there obtain its synthesis on whatever plane that consciousness works. If this truth is forgotten, we shall be landed in all kinds of disasters. This result will destroy the deeper meaning of the world for us, it will narrow our horizon, it will prevent our freedom because we are ruled and guided by the objective, and it will reduce the nature of our being and its potencies to the nature of matter and motion in their barest mechanical aspects. But the progress of culture and civilisation is a proof to us that man is not capable of destroying entirely the powers that are within him. It is not what the objective aspects of things have done for us that have brought culture and civilisation into the world and kept them and nurtured them in the past, as Herbert Spencer would lead us to believe, but that the spirit of man has been able to handle the objective that has done it. Naturalism and its methods can never account for the mental values already gained by mankind. Indeed, naturalism cannot ever account for what it has itself done. Naturalism in science (and in theology too) presents the bare facts in their disjointed character as the meaning of life. It always believes in something more than it presents to us. That must be so, or else we could never have had a science at all, but only unconnected pieces of information on the level of Dic of Aberdaron. Huxley, to his credit be it said, saw the truth of this, and saw through the poverty of the naturalistic method to explain and to meet the demands of life. What is his famous Romanes lecture but the proof of the need of some Norm or Standard which every life must hold before itself in the teeth of the fragmentary facts of the physical universe. Indeed, the scientist himself brings every fact to the test of some Norm other than any one or any number of the bare facts. In science this Norm is the mental synthesis which he already possesses. It is this that must accept or reject the fact, and, if accepted, it is this that must put the fact in its proper place

as a piece of the greater mosaic of the synthesis.

If we turn from natural science, we find that the same materialistic tendency is to be found in evangelical Christianity. Here, again, as already hinted, the bare natural and supposed supernatural facts of history are emphasised as of fundamental importance. It is needless to point out here how metaphysical and speculative conceptions, such as the incarnation of the logos of God, have been reduced to a physical plane. This would be worthless, even if it were true, for it would mean no more than an explanation of an eternal truth in the terms of its lowest common denominator.

It would be offering a fragment instead of a totality (see the "Philosophical Remains of Richard Lewis Nettlehip," and D. G. Ritchie's "Remains"). This, it seems to me, is what orthodox Christianity is doing to-day. At least, this it used to do before I came here, and this it is that it is doing here too. Consequently it can never appeal to minds which have grappled with the deeper meanings of the universe and of life. But the danger is not entirely on the side of orthodoxy. There is a danger quite as grave on the side of liberal religion. Here, it is true, there is an honest effort made after an explanation of the facts of history. Here there is no desire to go to heaven in an excursion train on the cheap. Oh, no! there is no danger that the train of liberal religion should become overcrowded, for it stops at each station, and some go out and some come in, and long stoppages take place sometimes to explore the land. The train of liberal religion is like that of the Manchester and Milford Railway between Aberystwyth and Carmarthen—there is plenty of time to study the geology and agriculture of the country on the way. Of liberal religion it may be said that it offers some kind of synthesis, but in the main it is a synthesis of history, psychology, logic, aesthetics, or some other branch of *knowledge*, of the very same nature as the constructions of the physical scientist. All these are ideas *about* the highest things of the spirit, and this spectacle when it claims the province of religion as all its own, is painful to behold. The deepest needs, aspirations, and possibilities of man are now reduced to the categories of the intellect. Is it a wonder that when thus we have ceased to believe in ourselves that we cannot get anybody else to believe in us? This we shall see in the second article.

W. TUDOR JONES.

Wellington, New Zealand.

How large a part of our God-ward life is travelled not by clear landmarks seen far off in the promised land, but as travellers climb a mountain-peak, by putting footstep after footstep slowly and patiently into the prints which some one, going before us, with keener sight, with stronger nerves, tied to us by the cord of saintly sympathy, has planted deep into the pathless snow of the bleak distance that stretches up between humanity and God! We ascend by one another. No man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself. We live and die not only to God but to each other.—*Phillips Brooks*.

THE BUDDHIST CHRISTMAS.

FULL-MOON in May is associated with several events in the life of Gautama the Buddha, for on that day, according to accepted tradition, the Saviour of men was born; on that day he attained enlightenment—Buddhahood; and on that day he died. Further value is attached to the date in Ceylon through the belief that it marks the visit to the island of the Master in person and his mission of peace. So that, altogether, the Cingalese have good reason for regarding that date (which was May 15, 2452 of the Buddhist era, this year) as their day of days.

I was curious to see how Southern Buddhists keep this sacred day, to see what a joint celebration of Christmas, the Baptism, Good Friday, and Whit Sunday all at once, would be like; and what corresponded here on Wesak (pronounced *wesak*) to our Santa Claus, holly, and plum-pudding, or to the doleful message thrust into our faces at home on Good Friday—"Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by," &c. In the commemoration of the death of the Christ of India there is no place for any show of grief. His death-day was the blessed day of his entrance to Pari-nirvana. There was no tragedy of a life cut off in its prime through the triumph of evil, like that of Calvary. The wistful sorrow that drove the Sakya prince into the homeless life had had time to merge into the gladness of assurance that there was liberation for all; and the event which brought his disciples around the Sala trees to witness the passing of their beloved Teacher from sweet speech to smiling sleep and from dream to deathlessness, was the close of a ministry extended nearly over half a century, and one which had traced a pathway of triumphant light across the lands and struck into everlasting solace a moving melody in the hearts of men.

The Wesak can, therefore, be no other than a day of joy, of a holy and serene happiness for Buddhists; and though the day is now observed as a Bank Holiday in Ceylon, to the followers of the Lord of Compassion, it is still what it has always been—a sacred day; and sufficient of their real devotion permeates the community to prevent its desecration. The only jarring note I perceived was a Protestant counsel as to how to spend the Wesak—which was, forsooth, to enter a missionary hall and hear pulpit oratory—most likely an attack on pagan (!) customs.

Those objectionable features which have called forth from Christian critics the designation of Christmas as a "festival of slaughter" and "drunken revellings" were entirely absent. The almost universal abstinence of Buddhists from alcoholic liquor (forbidden by their code) and very largely from flesh-eating (except to flavour their curries) renders it difficult to imitate European offences. There is some feasting. It is the custom for those who strive after meritorious deeds to build a booth in a thoroughfare and dole out freely to the poor, and exhort passers-by to partake of the good things laid out for their delectation. You have a choice of fifty-eight curries, and then of a diversity of cakes and sweets made of jaggery, and drinks of young cocoanuts and sparkling sherbets. A very pretty custom prevails among the

Cingalese rickshaw men of putting aside a percentage of their daily earnings for several months in order to feed a large number of the poor of Colombo on Wesak Day. No wonder the priests forget their eye-averted meekness and simply shine with sheer human goodwill in face of so much accumulation of merit on the part of the people. They themselves come in too for new saffron robes and bags of rice, which must warm the humour of the chilliest ascetic. There is a jauntiness in their walk, and the bamboo fan that shields their shaven heads is held at a less forbidding angle, and they recite their Pali verses to you with greater ardour, for is not this the holy Wesak, and—are you not wifeless, childless, sisterless, motherless youths and men, just human beings like the rest of us?

Very wisely, as I think, Buddhists do not so far puritanise their religious observances, or separate religion from the common life as to overweight their demeanour with dull and stupid solemnity. The colour is gayer, the smile is brighter, because of the holier day. Quiet enough were the groups I saw in the early morning, bearing gifts in their hands and walking with bare, silent feet to a distant temple; but they were gaily clad, and the secret of their pilgrimage shone through their radiant faces. All day there were crowds about the temples, and at night something of a crush, but the crowd, on the whole, was the subdued assemblage of people coming from or going to the performance of a pleasant religious rite. The houses were decorated, and across the streets streamers and garlands swayed to and fro; and at night a myriad candles and gas-jets and electric arcs threw gaudy rainbows over dusky features and darkling eyes, or illuminated mottoes bidding them "Rejoice!" as it was the birthday of the Exalted One and the Teacher of Nirvana. Every letter in the Cingalese alphabet is a thing of beauty, and its exquisite curves lend themselves admirably to artistic treatment, in quaint mottoes and devices. The Western custom of exchanging cards is becoming more prevalent, and in many missives I have been bidden "a happy Wesak." The following, from the Mahāmāgala Sutta, is typical of the Wesak verses:

*"Praise and Honour the Dharma-Raja,
the King of Truth."*

"Good is it helping Kindred! good to dwell

Blameless and just to all;

Good to give alms, with goodwill in the heart,

Albeit the store be small!

*Good to speak sweet and gentle words,
to be*

Merciful, patient, mild;

To hear the Law, and keep it, leading days

Innocent, undefiled."

Very largely, though not to the same extent as with us, the Wesak is a children's festival. The Cingalese are very fond of their young ones, even to the excess of indulgence, and on the day which reminds them that the Lord of the Three Worlds was once himself a child, the youngsters are well to the fore. Late hours are the rule on Wesak night, and perhaps it is

worth while extending privileges if only to watch the bairns' delight in what appear to their enraptured vision palaces of enchantment, so transformed are prosaic bungalows when alive with rows of lights and suspended Japanese lanterns. I watched the picturesque and animated little people with unwearied relish as they moved about the Temple grounds. A small pair were there, seemingly all on their own. The sister's get-up is a miniature facsimile of a woman's costume, simple enough, but intrinsically effective—a pale blue skirt-cloth and white embroidered bodice, to which the chocolate waist and neck offered so deep a contrast. She is attended by a brother of five or six years of age, who is more lightly clad. Follow them for a while.

Pressing some areca-blooms between their open palms, they reverently approach the dagaba, the shrine where some revered relics of the Buddha are laid. The offerings already made are heaped up high, and the diminutive devotees cannot reach the ledge on which the gifts are placed. Friendly hands, however, hold them up while they deposit their tokens in the approved way and light the fragrant joss-stick, which surely wafts a more precious aroma coming from them to whom the Kingdom is ever open. The words of another Friend of little children move like a melody through my mind as I watch these baby-disciples step together to place a lighted candle on the iron stand outside the dagaba, and then, softly retreating, kneel in the sand with folded hands, their eyes devouring the burning hosts, and the images of the devas smiling down upon them from where they guard the shrine.

The Temple remains to be visited, where a colossal sculpture of the Lord Buddha lies recumbent, looking, though so big, very kind to little children. Here, like the others, some of them mothers unattended, whom they unawares disturb to tears, the wee lad and lassie prostrate themselves on the polished floor. Ah! what burdens have been brought here, and, in that silent act of adoration, rolled away! And what do Sita and Romiel know of burdens? Returning into the hall of the Temple, where the shaven priest in the saffron robes will chant the threefold formula and the precepts five, they kneel with the rest, and with arduous sibilation go through the Pali vows, from *Buddham saranam gacchami* to the end. This is to take pansil, and they are not so young but strange quiverings pass through their breasts as the voice of the priest rings out in vibrant tones—with inexplicable effect on the Western listener, too.

Emerging with the worshippers, they are a while after seen toddling up the steps to the library containing the treasures that fill them with hushed awe; for what strange things may not lurk in the ancient palm-leaf manuscripts, and the book given by the far-off great British King, and the large elephant tusks, and the unintelligible wonders within glass case and upon the wall? But now the sound of the carol-singers near by takes them off at a run, for these trained singers not only sing Hindustani songs in praise of Sakyamuni, but enact scenes such as the unfolding of gigantic lotus blooms disclosing a beautiful

Cingalese woman. How came she to grow up inside a lotus? The eyes are very large now. Sweet-souled babes, soon you will have other causes for wonder. You will wonder why black-garbed men come so long a way to tell you that your fathers and mothers are savages, and the Gospel of the gentle Gautama is a terrible lie, and that you must descend to a burning pit unless you cease to carry your scented blooms to where the devas watch for you. I would save you, if I could, from these falcons of my country. Everywhere, indeed, the Cingalese who had been for a time attracted to a crude Christianity are turning from the evangel of hell and blood-salvation towards their ancient religion, and realising the wealth and beauty of the Gospel of the gentle Lord of Compassion.

In my two Wesak votaries I see a symbol of the new spirit which has arisen in Ceylon, a renaissance of wonder, which is being followed by a revival of religion and of learning. It will never take the form of a bare Protestantism. The wide blaze of the richly-blooming flamboyant trees all over Colombo indicate that Nature herself will here be ranged against it. It will not throw away the aids of coloured picture and the fine art of flower offering. It will not give up the principle of equity in moral retribution, and believe another shall be beaten for our fault. But out of the experience of the past will the rising generation gain a purified Buddhism, a rational enlightened Buddhism, freed from materialistic error, and fit to take its place, not in competition, but side by side in co-operation with the best in Hinduism and Christianity? That is the question that presses upon me on Wesak Day.

J. TYSSUL DAVIS.

Colombo.

A YORKSHIRE QUAKER.*

To reconcile the incompatible in one's own life, is the real art of paradox, that gives the true touch of humour to our living, and incorporates it in the Divine Comedy. One may rightly call this the humour of the mystics. There is nothing more fatal in the long run to any theory or view of life than a lack of such quality. If we are to see life whole, we must see its contradictions; we must see the evil in the good, and the good in the evil in some real way, and yet they must not mix, they must clash together. We must see both, and as opposite sides, if we are to conceive of reality. The optimism that dares not look into the eyes of the devil is only an adolescent optimism, and barely better than a puerility. The steady eye of the seer subdues the beasts of the field, and the devils of the darkness.

To accept, then, the conflict of life, and to reconcile, by living, the opposing elements, stretching the tissue of consciousness until it embraces them in its own entirety, is to fulfil one of the human functions, and that not the least important. And even when we find a man combining in his person the seemingly contradictory rôles of grocer and student, we feel that he is, in the finest sense of the word, a real actor

—a man, that is, who can adjust himself by the living power of imagination to the varied claims and parts which the Divine Purpose requires.

To be either a sound scholar or a good grocer is not unworthy of a man, but to be excellent in both is surely much better; and such was John Stephenson Rowntree, of York. He could not be submerged in his calling. Like Emerson's great man he lived a little above his tasks, condescending to them as a man should; yet doing them with his whole power, and leaving no faculty unemployed. But the volume before me is of an interest perhaps more general than even that of the memorial of such a man. About three-quarters of the book are devoted to a selection from his writings, including what is probably the best short study of George Fox's life and character; papers on Fox and the Ranters ("Micah's Mother"); the place of Friends in English Religious life; problems of denominational life, of the ministry, of education, in which he was deeply interested, and historical studies connected with his native city.

Turning to the first of these papers, given as a lecture to the Oxford Summer School of 1894, we find the character and historical position of Fox and his Friends, admirably described. "Whilst Quakerism was a protest against Puritanism, in another aspect it was its very flower and crown. Whilst the early Quaker preachers were in collision with the Presbyterian and Independent clergy rather than the Episcopalian, the Society of Friends became the residuary legatee of various minor scruples entertained by their Puritan antagonists." Fox's "views of human life were—especially at the outset of his ministry—narrow and deeply coloured by the Puritan atmosphere in which he had been cradled. There was little place in his own natural character, or in the spirit of his early education, for the festal element in life."

But he became yearly more generous. He was a social as well as an individual reformer, pleading for justice and honesty in all relations, and, for example, visiting the "hirings," or "mops," "to urge the magistrates to fix the rate of wages fairly, to give, in short, 'a living wage.'" An interesting similarity of view is pointed out between Fox and the Oxford Reformers; and the Society of Friends is shown to be not unlike a practical and successful experiment towards Utopia.

Mr. Rowntree made clear the extraordinary severity of the persecution which the early Friends suffered. A quarter of their number seem to have been thus affected, and 400 of them actually died in gaol. Fox himself was many years in prison, having been sixty times before the magistrates; he "was constantly to the front whenever the suffering was hottest."

In an account of the modern painting of the arrest of Fox at Holker Hall, by J. Pettie, Mr. Rowntree thus described the man: "His portly and well-knit frame is not yet [1663] broken by imprisonment and hard usage. His eyes are strikingly bright and piercing, his compressed lips and graceful features are expressive of decision, benevolence, and spirituality. His hair falls long behind his ears, for he resisted all the invitations of his Puritan friends to

* "John Stephenson Rowntree, his Life and Work." Edited by E. E. Taylor: Memoir by Phebe Doncaster. (Headley Bros., 1908, 6s. net.)

crop those luxuriant locks; "he had no pride in it, and it was not of his own putting on." He possessed great physical strength, much power of endurance, a loud and sonorous voice, which could outdo the efforts of a hostile fiddler, or startle an Assize Court with the unwonted salutation, "Peace be among you." William Penn describes him as "civil beyond all forms of breeding in his behaviour; very temperate, eating little and sleeping less." Thomas Ellwood says, "he was graceful in countenance and manly in personage, grave in gesture, courteous in conversation, instructive in discourse, free from affectation in speech and carriage. . . ." "Measured by numerical results, Fox's work was not inferior to that of the Wesleys in the next century. Persecution from without, and opposition and revolt from within had been surmounted. Success had not exalted him, and opposition had not embittered him. His character broadened, softened, and mellowed, the nearer he approached the close of life."

His firm stand on reality, his stalwart sanity, is admirably brought out in such a passage as this:—

"His ecclesiastical statesmanship was prescient and well proportioned. He never allowed himself to be turned aside from the work he had in hand by the defection of weak friends or the opposition of the ultra-spiritual. If visionary people wrote him letters, he endorsed them 'whimsie,' and went on his way. If scatter-brained converts ran amuck of good order and wholesome usages, he told them they had gone out into imaginations, and that he judged them in the Lord's power." . . . "His dying words, 'The Seed reigns over all disorderly spirits,' bear witness to the stress of that long conflict. . . ." The story of that struggle is among the most valuable passages in this volume.

Of the source of Fox's influence we are told, "The cardinal reason why [he] became so eminent a leader of religious thought, and accomplished the great work that he did, was his power, springing from a first-hand personal experience, of arousing men to a perception of the Divine immanence in their own hearts and consciences."

But Mr. Rowntree was not among those scholars who find their principal interest in the story of the past, for he had a living sense of present issues, and a great hope for the future; especially, perhaps, for the Society of Friends. Concluding his addresses to the first Scarborough Summer School in 1897 he declared "were we able to set forth the claims of the spiritual kingdom of Christ, by example as well as by speech, plainly, persuasively, and yet in the power of truth, commending the message to every man's conscience in the sight of God, it would carry with it the savour of its own authority; and our own people, and the world, and the Church, would all feel that the message was not the dying echo of seventeenth century voices, but a veritable Gospel, living, dynamic, Catholic—impartially addressing itself to all sorts and conditions of men, whether young or old, rich or poor, learned or unlearned, agnostic or ritualist."

Any who wish to understand the real significance and hope which speak in these words should glance through this record of a characteristic Quaker life, in the nineteenth

century (1834-1907). It is sound, honest stuff, it is salted with a quiet sense of humour, and is not without the leaven of imagination.

H. B. B.

THE PACE OF PROGRESS.

In spite of our outward submission to the doctrine of evolution—that continuous process of becoming which has "eternity to work in"—only the lethargic are really contented to go slowly in any direction. Money-makers hurry to get rich, geniuses are eager to achieve fame rapidly, politicians chafe at every obstacle in the path of legislation, and social reformers toil

"Like Auster whirling to and fro
His force on Caspian foam to try,"

to sweep away with haste the prejudices and fallacies which hinder the development of man. Nature may try to teach us patience by the revelation, in science and history, of her interminable laws; but imagination rebels against all that would retard her flight, and only after repeated disillusionments and failures can she be induced to accept, in place of the rapid growth once anticipated with such confidence, the gradual but continuous interaction of cause and effect. Nevertheless, imagination is not "in the wrong," for it is clearly her mission to keep in advance of the plodding intellect; but, equally with her slower sister, she is compelled to be subservient to mysterious conditions which restrain, although they do not wholly check, human progress, and these conditions the entire universe must likewise obey, albeit for reasons which we can only, at present, conjecture.

It would seem that in no one is impatience more justifiable than in the man whose chief aim in life is to make existence more tolerable, not to say more beautiful, for those who labour and are oppressed. Realising that, as Maeterlinck says, "We live in the midst of a great injustice," he finds it hard to be told by cheerful philosophers that the heroism required of him is only that of tolerance, and that the "gordian knots" of life must each be "smilingly unravelled." It is all very well to platitudinise thus in a drawing-room, he grumbles; but "the friend of the people" has sterner work to do when he is face to face with the crude facts of existence which have to be dealt with boldly, and without waste of time, "down in the abyss." And yet, even in his case, a tendency to hurry often defeats itself. The hideous accumulation of economic and moral evils which we call civilisation has been the growth of many long centuries, and hundreds of years will doubtless elapse before it takes its place with pagan slavery, mediæval despotism, and the tyrannies of Popedom, in the limbo of the past. We cannot explain *why* progress should be so gradual, or how the "eternal goodness" is to be reconciled with what may well seem such a horrible and unending process of human torture; but the realities of existence must be accepted by all practical men, and these will force us to recognise that the Millennium of the future, if it is ever to come at all, must be prepared for by patient and unremitting toil, performed, generally, without hope of reward.

Paradoxical as it may seem, however,

there is a real solace which has its birth amidst lost illusions; and the impetuous visionary, with his burning ideals (and tragic disappointments!), is more to be pitied than those who have ceased to expect that the world will be changed into Utopia in one brief generation. It is a mistake to think that only unhappiness awaits him who has given up the fancies of fairyland for the realities of life. The greatest reformers—and the gratest poets, too—have been those to whom naked truth was dearer than specious falsehood; and if they have been able to raise the soul of man nearer to the divine at all, it is because they have shared with him his doubts, his sufferings, and his imperfect longings, no less than his fugitive hours of joy. The knowledge that we all—wise and foolish, cultured and ignorant alike—come lamentably short even of the standards we have set up for ourselves, and that, in a very real sense, "we are members one of another" in weakness as in strength, is more valuable than futile speculations as to what the world would be like if we were all dowered with angelic virtues, and certainly it is of the greatest practical use to those who are engaged in political controversies. For, while enthusiasm is absolutely essential to the development of ideals which must ultimately regenerate mankind, tolerance, born of a wide knowledge of human nature, is equally indispensable. Many "level-headed" folk, who are impervious to what they call "poetical notions," and suspicious of sentiments clothed in fine language, are captured by a calm and temperate statement of facts; and it is wonderful to what drastic reforms the most cautious will often commit themselves if they are not startled and shocked by the accents of idealism. This is a consideration which naturally does not appeal to youth, but it is one which we all have to take into account sooner or later, especially in England, the land of rooted prejudices, and constitutional methods of government. Also it should bring more satisfaction in its train than the too-hasty asseverations of an ardent proselyte whose zeal has yet to be tested; for whereas the latter may abjure "the cause" as readily as he espoused it if his brain is more volatile than his character is stable, the man who will only surrender his convictions to logic is not likely to abandon easily a position which he has been led to accept solely by an appeal to reason.

But in spite of the necessary restraints with which common-sense shackles the imagination, progressive spirits are always secretly impatient. Subdued—but still undaunted—by disappointments, forced to go soberly where they would fain fly with the wings of the morning, compelled to talk plain prose when they yearn for lyric utterance, saddened by the sordid ugliness amidst which they are often imprisoned while they dream of beauty and joy, it is yet unwillingly that they adapt their pace to that of the lethargic and slow-witted. When thought is quickened "far beyond the present state of affairs," it lives already in a world of the future towards which humanity is gradually advancing—and it must be confessed that it is difficult to dwell, either mentally or physically, in two places at once! But this is what the ideal-

ists are compelled in the nature of things to do, consequently they are at once the happiest and most miserable of men. They are happy because they see the end to which all the travail and toil of humanity must ultimately lead, and because, in however limited a fashion, they are helping to hasten its consummation; they are miserable, because a "progress" other than they dream of, and allied with the cruellest injustices of civilisation, checks their advance in every direction, and impedes the creative purpose of a social ideal which has nothing to do with modern competition and the apotheosis of the capitalist.

LAURA ACKROYD.

THE CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

WILLIAM MORGAN, OR THE MAN THAT DID NOT DIE.

It is several years since I saw him or heard anything of him; nevertheless, as a Red Admiral butterfly flew past just now and settled on the drum-head of a leak, William Morgan came back as if he had been an elf sitting astride between the butterfly's wings. So now I must go on and finish the story, or you will not be quite sure whether William Morgan was really an admiral or a butterfly. He was neither. He was a poor dying man who lived in a little cottage almost under a railway arch in a great busy town. Every few minutes, day and night, the trains roared or rumbled overhead, but he minded them not, he never noticed the sound even in his sickness, for it was quietness itself compared with the clash and hammering at the locomotive works where he was a labourer. Nor was it as distracting, I used to think, as the metallic chirrup of the hundreds of sparrows which assembled every afternoon in the ivy which covered the wall of the engine shed immediately opposite his door, to discuss the affairs of the past day, and to squabble over their resting places for the coming night. The like of such a mighty chorus produced by a multitude of little people I have not heard since. So here lay William, month after month, in great pain often and in weakness always, until the doctor patched him up enough to get him away to a hospital in London. He never thought to see wife or child again, so as he got into bed at the hospital he gave his clothes to his neighbour in the bed on one side of him and his boots to the man on the other side. By and by these two recovered their strength, bade their friend farewell, and left, wearing his clothes and boots. But—and this was awkward—Morgan recovered, too, in course of time, and then had nothing to go home in. He liked to tell this little story as a joke at his own expense. However, home he did come, but whether wrapped in a blanket or how I do not remember. He began to get about and then broke down worse than before. His little strength went from him. One or other of his mates would peep in at the open window as he went by to or from work, and give him a quiet nod and smile, and his good wife brought him a sip of barley water, and the cheery doctor did all that a doctor could to relieve his suffering and restore his strength. But William appeared to be past mending. One morning I looked in,

but did not think to find my friend alive. He greeted me, however, with a sly smile and a chuckle. He was quite merry; went on chuckling. Then he explained how he had beaten the doctor; how, when the doctor had called an hour or two earlier, he had stood for a moment, open-mouthed and speechless, and then burst out laughing, "Why, Morgan," he exclaimed, "you're alive!" So he was, alive and easy—not to say merry; and from that hour he went forward, was soon out and about, and by and by returned to work a comparatively strong man.

And now for the Red Admiral. While he had lain there in pain, but still more after he turned the corner and began, as it were, to pick up the scattered grains of his strength, Morgan would think and think, and even dream in his sleep of one thing which always gave him comfort, and that was—butterflies. On the side wall, so that he could see it comfortably from his pillow, hung a case of butterflies which he had caught before he was married. That had been his hobby—hunting them, searching for their eggs and caterpillars, feeding up the latter in boxes at home, watching them spin their cocoons, and rejoicing at last when the perfected creature worked its way with crumpled wings out of the chrysalis. "See they Red Admirals?" William asked; I nodded. "Up, down, up, down; don't they flap their wings just beautiful as they sits on a flower or on a nice ripe plum what's got a hole made in his skin by the wapes (wasps). Ever watch 'em drinkin'? They're just like little elephants with their wee little trunks. And don't they curl 'em up again nice and neat when they flies away, like a tiddy watchspring; and that's more than the big elephant can do. Look at the underside of 'tother one's wing (one of them was pinned upside down to show this); he ain't afraid of puttin' in good work where it won't be seen. The one next to him's a Peacock. Did you ever see the caterpillars what the Peacocks come from? Black chaps, reg'lar niggers. The old bird (he meant the butterfly) lays her eggs on a stinging nettle, and then the young uns comes out and spins a net all over 'em for safety, and if you give 'em a shake they tumble out and wriggle about like eels. Now I lays here and thinks many a time, but it beats me holler, how Peacock butterflies is made out of them prickly black grubs and stinging nettles; only you must remember this, you couldn't get stinging nettles nor black chaps neither without sunshine and fresh air and rain; and sunshine and air and rain makes flowers and rainbows, and such like; and so I suppose bits o' colour gets into the spirits of them weeds and worms, but you can't see it until it comes out on they butterflies' wings. And I do think this, master: By and by, if I can get out into the fresh air and the sunshine myself I shall get them into me, and tho' I'm not much better looking than a black chap now, shan't I be another man then! most as fine as a butterfly"; and pale face smiled with hope.

Blessed with a Welshman's lively imagination, he would forget the dull little room in which he lay helpless—shut it out behind his closed eyelids and be away once more on an expedition of long ago, after Sulphurs and Coppers, Fritillaries and

Painted Ladies. Thus, as he told me one morning, he had escaped the weariness of a long sleepless night by living over again the excitement of a holiday in the Fens, when he had effected the much-prized capture of a Swallow-tail. This, the rarest of all his treasures, he had been induced to sell to a wealthier collector. But I think the Little Blues were the gems of his heart—their wings, the fairest turquoise above and designed with the utmost refinement of minute ring-work underneath. "There's nine kind of Blues," he remarked, "and only sixty-five kinds of butterflies altogether in England. Now how do you account for that?" I confessed I could not solve the problem. "Well, now, look here," said William; "I've read a bit about things, you know, and they say that blue is the finest colour there is, and I think so too. They say as how blue flowers are just the cream of the population of flowers like as the clever men and fine singers are with us, and I expect that's so with the blue butterflies. They're the tip-top lot, though they ain't so big; but it ain't the big people as is always the best, is it master?" I, of course, agreed with him (for he was himself but slight in figure), and recalled a few historic examples of great little people.

"Did you ever see them Blues when they're agone to bed? You go up on to the Downs after sunset, and look for a patch of long grass out o' the way of the wind and you'll be most sure to find some Blues gone to bed, holding on to a grass stalk, one behind another with their heads downwards. My! them Downs is fine; but there! I mustn't get travelling about them just now; I'm tired, so I'll shut my eyes, if you'll excuse me, Sir, and that's more than butterflies can do, for they ain't got no eyelids."

After which remark I left William to rove the Downs in search of Little Blues in his dreams. I always have a feeling that he would have died but for the butterflies.

H. M. L.

THE Bury Children's Holiday Home, which has been erected at Birtle Edge, the gift of Mr. Cuthbert C. Grundy, of Blackpool, was opened on Saturday afternoon by Alderman J. K. Butcher. For the past four years holiday children have been accommodated in a house at Deeply Vale, and the gift of the new Home is to give greater permanence to the good work. During the autumn and winter months the Home will be open to men and women needing rest.

IN the changes which, thank God! must take place when the mortal puts on immortality, shall we not feel that the nobler our friends are, the more they are themselves? that the more the idea of each is carried out in the perfection of beauty, the more like they are to what we thought them in our most exalted moods—to that which we saw in them in the rarest moments of profoundest communion—to that which we beheld through the veil of all their imperfections when we loved them the truest.—George MacDonald.

It is impossible for that man to despair who remembers that his Helper is omnipotent.—Jeremy Taylor.

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LONDON, AUGUST 8, 1908.

THE PERMANENT CARE OF THE FEEBLE-MINDED.

THE Royal Commission on the Care and Control of the Feeble-Minded, appointed in September, 1904, has now reported, and the eight volumes of the Report and Evidence, &c., making in all over four thousand pages, besides photographic and other plates, are in course of publication. The Report itself, which forms the eighth volume, is already out, and costs 4s. 4d. It is a substantial blue-book of over 500 pages, more than 70 of which are devoted to the actual recommendations of the Commission—England, Scotland and Ireland being each separately dealt with. Of the other volumes (the whole set may be had for £2 2s., from Messrs. Wyman & Sons, Fetter-lane, E.C.) the first two will contain the minutes of evidence relating to England and Wales, on the original reference; the third, the evidence relating to Scotland and Ireland; the fourth, the evidence relating to England and Wales on the extended reference of 1906 (dealing with the Lunacy Laws, Authorities, &c.); the fifth is a volume of appendix papers; the sixth, reports on medical investigations; and the seventh a report on the visit of certain of the Commissioners to America.

The whole work constitutes a most valuable record of an exhaustive inquiry, and the Report of the Commission, of which the EARL OF RADNOR was chairman and Mr. C. S. LOCH and Mr. W. H. DICKINSON, M.P., and a number of medical and legal experts were members, is on all essential points unanimous.

"Of the gravity of the present state of things," the Commissioners say in the introduction to their Report, "there is no doubt. The mass of facts that we have collected, the statements of our witnesses, and our own personal visits and investigations compel the conclusion that there are numbers of mentally defective persons

whose training is neglected, over whom no sufficient control is exercised, and whose wayward and irresponsible lives are productive of crime and misery, of much injury and mischief to themselves and to others, and of much continuous expenditure wasteful to the community and to individual families. We find a local and 'permissive' system of public education, which is available here and there for a limited section of mentally defective children, and which, even if it be useful during the years of training, is supplemented by no subsequent supervision and control and is in consequence often misdirected and unserviceable. We find large numbers of persons who are committed to prison for repeated offences which, being the manifestations of a permanent defect of mind, there is no hope of repressing, much less of stopping, by short, punitive sentences. We find lunatic asylums crowded with patients who do not require the careful hospital treatment that well-equipped asylums now afford and who might be treated in many other ways more economically and as efficiently. We find also at large in the population many mentally defective persons—adults, young persons and children—who are, some in one way and some in another, incapable of self-control, and who are therefore exposed to constant moral danger themselves and become the source of lasting injury to the community."

The Report carefully distinguishes a number of classes of those needing care, persons of unsound mind, and those who are defective in various ways, among whom "moral imbeciles" and "inebriates" are included. Lunatics and idiots are already under the protection of the law, and now it is proposed that all classes alike of the mentally defective shall receive from the state "such special protection as may be suited to their needs"; and the authority for such protection is to be vested in a central Board of Control.

It is estimated that in England and Wales, with a population of over 32,000,000, there are close upon 150,000 mentally defective persons, apart from certified lunatics, and that of these some 66,000 are, according to the evidence, "at the present time urgently in need of provision, either in their own interest, or for the public safety. It is recognised that there may be many others for whom the present accommodation is not ideal; these are not here included, but only such cases as are, in the opinion of the investigator, improperly, unsuitably, or unkindly cared for, or who by reason of particular habits or characteristics are a source of danger to the community in which they live."

If these unfortunates were properly cared for it would be an immense benefit not only to themselves, but to the commu-

nity as a whole, cutting off at the source a prolific growth of degeneracy, misery and crime. The evidence abundantly shows how much can be done to secure a harmless and happy life for the mentally defective, under kindly and firm control, and how absolutely essential such control and protection are, not only during childhood, but in after years. Both compassion and the welfare of the community demand the establishment of a national system of effective care and control.

The Report sets forth a comprehensive scheme of reform, to secure first a full knowledge of all classes of the mentally defective, and then a well-organised method of training and care. In several directions voluntary effort has already shown the way for what ought to be done by a national system for the whole country, and we note with special satisfaction that the work of the Lancashire and Cheshire Society for the Permanent Care of the Feeble-minded, of which Miss MARY DENDY is the honorary secretary, receives ample recognition. In Part V. of the Report, which deals with Voluntary Institutions and Care, in the section on "Homes for the permanent care of children, working women and girls," the Sandlebridge Colony is spoken of as "the most complete experiment for providing permanently for the feeble-minded," and Miss DENDY's description of the work and its results is given in quotations from her evidence, which will appear in full in the first volume of the Evidence relating to England and Wales. When that volume is out we shall hope to call further attention to the subject.

The ninth annual report of the Lancashire and Cheshire Society, presented to the annual meeting in the Manchester Town Hall, November 20, 1907, is full of encouragement, telling as it does of the happiest results and marked progress in the work; but Lord STANLEY OF ALDERLEY, who presided, showed how impossible it was for private effort to cope with the whole burden of such a task, and how such admirable pioneer work must lead to a larger national system. Miss DENDY's faith and devotion to this work are now fully justified by the Report of the Royal Commission, and there is more reason than ever for the appeal for generous support of the Sandlebridge Colony, to complete its demonstration of what can be accomplished, not only for the training of boys and girls of defective mind, but for providing them as they grow up with wholesome conditions of life, a happy home, and such work as they are fit for. All the evidence goes to prove that the care must be permanent, and it is a great achievement to have shown how a happy working home may take the place of neglected wretchedness, or of asylum or gaol, for great numbers of these hapless ones, to the immeasurable gain of all concerned.

OUTSIDE ACTIVITIES: THEIR USE AND ABUSE.*

BY THE REV. J. L. HAIGH.

MY task is distinctly a practical one, and I am to approach it from the side of personal experience. The greater part of a Domestic Missionary's life has to do with these questions, these "outside activities." He is not simply a preacher, a pastor, not only an earnest "guide, philosopher, and friend," but a happy comrade, an everyday brother, ready and eager to sympathise with all aspects of life, and enter into every pleasure that makes for mental and physical health and happiness. Seventy years ago the founders of our Liverpool Domestic Mission got down to fundamental principles in their attempt to indicate the scope and character of the missionary's labour of love. Notice their words: "That the appropriate duties of the minister of the poor shall be to establish an intercourse with a limited number of families—to put himself into close sympathy with their wants and feelings, to become to them a Christian adviser and friend, to promote the order and comfort of their homes, and the elevation of their social tastes, to bring them into a permanent connection with religious influences, and, above all, to promote an effective education of their children and to shelter them from corrupting agencies."

Times have changed since then, yes, and our plans, policies, and theology—but not the moving motive, the desire, the hunger and the thirst after righteousness. And the "appropriate duties" for the minister of the poor are now the appropriate duties for nearly all of our churches. Few churches are now satisfied with Sunday services alone. Read the calendars issued, and you will find that the majority of our churches and chapels are not simply places of worship, but in a greater or less degree, to use a modern term, 'Institutional Churches.' A very keen critic can find fault with the perpetual hurry and excitement which seems to have taken possession of us, and I often sympathise with this criticism, and wish for the larger, quieter leisure which would allow the soul to gather its forces together and make its message stronger, more dignified, graceful, and effective. But when one understands or "realises" the dangers and temptations that beset young people on every hand in our great towns and cities, one is compelled to forego the sacred leisure in order to meet the secular need and lift it into a brighter and purer atmosphere. To give is to gain, and although a man's message may lose in depth and beauty and finish, it may have an added grace bestowed upon it by the winning power of direct sympathy. Cloistral virtues must be tested in these "outside activities," by which we mean all the busy week-day meetings, gatherings, classes, societies that ingenuity can invent, and tact and wisdom rule and inform.

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Sunday is the day of days. It is the centre and soul of all our secular spheres. Worship is the test of what we have done,

of what we desire to do. Sunday is the day of joy, judgment, and reconciliation. We start the week in its spirit; we return to it with gladness. Not in the power of the stereotyped phrase, not in the bondage of conventionality, but in the perfect freedom of the spirit and the freshness of spontaneity. Our religion means true life and high sincerity.

Our Sunday-schools and churches are distinctly religious societies. Our attendance and support make us members together. We form a brotherhood and receive in our united service of praise and prayer, a renewed, reforming inspiration and incentive, a spiritual power and gladness to carry us through the busy work-a-day week with its duties and anxieties, its frets and cares, its periods of recreation, pleasure and social intercourse. We have the freest, most reasonable, happiest religion in the world. We spend our busy hours and our leisure hours with its memories in our hearts. I'm a strict Sabbatarian in the sense that I like the day to be one of complete cessation from ordinary labour. I like its clear-ringing challenge, its chivalry and romance, its appeal to religious nobility and holy imagination. The soul must have its perfect season of refreshment from on high, if we would make sunshine in shady places, and have the gladness of little children in the Kingdom of God.

That is the avenue of approach to everything that follows. Is this making life too strenuous for young people? I do not think so. It is simply giving life a motive and a meaning. It is simply having that unconscious resistance against evil, forming that type of character and purpose which recognises and accepts the good wherever found, and cultivating that spirit of admiration and appreciation which is the secret of choice acceptance and true strength. All things work together for good if they are filled with good intention. A multitude of meetings cannot distract if the mind, heart, and imagination are clarified with righteousness, and the will made firm with noble rectitude. We are set in a certain direction which may be summed up in the sweet and telling phrase, "To glorify God and enjoy Him for ever." I'm speaking to you as I speak to my own people, as I have spoken to them scores of times, and the leaders and helpers and all who are most intimately connected with the place agree with me in looking upon Sunday as the day of days. The multiplicity of meetings takes a secondary place, and these gatherings are only made strong in tone and disposition by the inspiration of the religious services. The "multiplicity of meetings" in connection with many of our schools and churches is no exaggeration. The wonder is how we manage to crowd them all into one week. Many of us would like to squeeze ten days into a week during the winter, so as to have a few more gatherings. Remember, ours is a Domestic Mission, a Home Mission, and we are constrained to have a wide elasticity, so that the people who are compelled to live in small cramped dwellings may find the larger life in bigger rooms, and feel quite at home in a building dedicated to the service of God and humanity.

[Mr. Haigh then told of the great variety of the work done at his Mission in the interests of all ages, all as "means to an end: the end being that we shall keep together as a *family circle* and enjoy all things in common." He spoke of the use of the men's club, with its billiard table, kept strictly for their own use, and of dancing as a natural and healthy recreation, carefully guarded under the same conditions; and then of the great popularity of the penny concerts and other entertainments, in which a constant watchfulness and wise care guards against all coarseness and vulgarity.]

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I have now made an open confession about the dangers connected with three of our "outside activities"—club-room, socials, popular entertainments. I have selected these three purposely. They are open to criticism, they demand vigilance. That is true of most things, if the corrective spirit does not come with cleansing power. Slackness or indifference leads to danger, degeneration, death. A fine ideal, for instance, is behind the gatherings known as mothers' meetings. Fathers get out at night to their clubs, their tontines, their political and benefit societies. Mothers can assemble best when the little ones are at afternoon school. We have a band of 80. They have studied the "Queens of England," they have had lectures on the growth of the English Bible, and the adventures of two Atlantic voyages. It's not all tea and gossip. Even when "mothers" indulge in the afternoon cup, a friendly visitor gives them an earnest and sympathetic talk to mark the occasion; and on exceptional and acceptable occasions even mere man has been allowed to edify them with and from his own particular point of view. Good for him and for them. They save their coppers for a special pie-nic; they deposit in the Provident Society; they hear about the Sunday-school, they know all about the Church; they conspire in secret to make their own social a special success, and so on. They are a splendid audience for a man to have before him. He must be bold and strong, and full of saving common-sense, or he is no good at all. He is lost if he shows the white feather of nervousness or fear. The use of this meeting is incalculable. To have it at its true strength is to know that every mother is a member of your Church. She may not be able to attend every Sunday; but she often gets an echo of the parson's sermon on the Monday if he happens to be in a bright and helpful mood, and being retold from the woman's point of view with woman's love, wit, and imagination to light and enhance it, it sometimes makes the parson proud of himself, and his mothers to believe in him more than ever. Echoes are often mystical and magical. The best I ever heard was in the Baptistry at Pisa. The sexton sang the four leading notes of the scale: these were caught up in the dome and circulated and repeated in happy musical conflict and reverberation until it seemed as if an angelic choir were uttering strains of living ecstasy. A sermon caught up and repeated in women's hearts becomes a wonderful thing. That's why you always get more women than men; they are

* Passages from an address at the Summer Session for Sunday School Teachers at Manchester College, Oxford, July 11, 1908.

much more receptive. The parson gives his points, 1, 2, 3, 4; these are immediately captured and made to return upon themselves in a maze of musical geometrical symmetry, until the theme is lost in a high bright heaven of harmonies. If a man only utters the right notes he will find every woman is an angel with a wonderful record. She may not be a politician or a mathematician, but she understands psychology and the meaning of music without thinking very much about them. That's one reason why a strong man's memory of his mother becomes tenderer and holier the longer he lives. She crooned her song and her faith into his heart, and it all returns to him in the after years. The weak, ignorant, worldly man smiles sarcastically at mothers' meetings and mystical music; but whenever I get him into a corner by himself I can always convert him—make him change his tune and look much happier. Men of that ilk, generally speaking, don't know what they are talking about nine times out of ten. Football they know, and the number of miles to walk on a Sunday before they can claim refreshments; but as to the wonder of the world they are blind and deaf. They cannot see that the weaker vessel is the cruse of precious ointment which the woman is ever ready to break at the feet of love—the eternal memorial of her.

Of course, our women are very ordinary individuals; but the very ordinary is always on the border line of the extraordinary. The longer I live the more I see that. I'm a firm believer in the familiar paradox—the unexpected always happens—so that I am seldom greatly surprised. Devotion, self-sacrifice, patience, herosim, all these are hers and more—insatiable curiosity. And that leads her sometimes to abuse her own mothers' meeting. She thinks she cannot have too much of a good thing, and so she stretches her wings and goes careering round to all the mothers' meetings in the district. The difference between orthodoxy and heterodoxy doesn't trouble her, and her placid rejoinder always is, "We are all making for the same place." One place I believe in, and that's Hamilton-road Domestic Mission. I wish she would always make for that, and sing

"I have been there and still would go,
'Tis like a little heaven below."

We are getting her to understand this by proving that we have the sanest, happiest, most loving and loveable gospel ever preached. Perfect love casteth out all fear, and when we get to the heart of the Christ, that is the only inevitable conclusion that any true woman can reach.

* * * *

When once a man has known the love of God he does not ask the question "Is life worth living?"—he *lives*. Though this be quite true, yet some of these "outside activities" appeal more intimately to me than others. And the thing that appeals to me, and the meetings I like the best, are those of a literary or educational character. I love to hear youths and maidens attempting to express themselves, no matter how clumsy the attempt may seem to be. We have a perfectly delightful summer school now in full swing. Last year we had a glee class,

this year we have a reading circle. I wanted as a subject for our study something which everyone would love to read, which everyone ought to know—a classic, and yet interesting to everybody, not something that depended upon plot or sensationalism, but something simple, deep, fundamental. After much searching through my own little store and the shelves of the booksellers' shops, I decided that I could not find anything better for my purpose than "Silas Marner."—What can you do with a story except read it through? But there are stories and stories. This is one of the *and* stories. The members of our class range from a shop boy up to a University graduate, and everyone is intensely interested. The questions in philosophy, in experience, in the fine subtle colourings and clever distinctions of words would astonish anyone who has not attempted work of this character. I'm simply one of the circle and do my home task with the rest. I may suggest, but I follow my own lead, and it takes me through many winding and devious paths. It seems so simple, and yet it makes you read and re-read before you can come to a fixed decision. Each member has to mark three passages of not less than six lines in every chapter, the passages that he or she thinks the best, and also select any six words out of the same chapter and give a clear, clean definition of those words as used in the context. And how proud the members are of their own particular selections and their brave attempts at definition! Many here are scholars and readers, and you will see what all this means without my troubling you with examples. But I must give you a rough sketch of what happened one night, when half-a-dozen men, whose average age would be about 35, stood up to explain a certain thing which I acknowledged was a great puzzle to me; and that is to make it quite clear how Silas used his door key when he suspended his piece of pork at the end of the string. These are the two references:—

"It was a small bit of pork suspended from the kettle-hanger by a string passed through a large door key, in a way known to primitive housekeepers unpossessed of jacks."

And in the next chapter:—

"But this evening, he had no sooner knotted his string fast round his bit of pork, twisted the string according to rule over his door key, passed it through the handle, and made it fast on the hanger, than he remembered that a piece of very fine twine was indispensable to his 'setting up' a new piece of work in his loom early in the morning."

One of the gallant six, an old sailor, gave us a lot of queer nautical terms, but he has not solved the problem yet. The question has got into all sorts of places. Some of the girls took it home to their fathers; and the old sailor, who is now caretaker in a ship-broker's office, puzzled the chief clerk, the cashier and a junior partner with the cooking of poor Silas's bit of pork. They went further; they bought a copy of the book and week by week they hear all about the questions and passages and definitions that have been under discussion.

Yes, we are reading a simple story—but it will take us until the end of September before we get through our work. And then we are to have an examination, a unique sort of examination. I don't know what professional teachers would think of it, but the pupils are to ask their own questions! Each member is to give me three questions on a slip of paper a week before the eventful night. I arrange these questions in some sort of order, re-word some of them to make them quite clear, and cross out all impertinent ones, using that word in its right meaning. Then the candidates are to sit as far apart as space will allow, while I read the questions slowly and distinctly. After that we take the questions one at a time and write the best and pithiest answer at our command.

Why are we doing all this? Simply to teach our young people, and older ones, too, to take an intelligent interest in their reading, and also to teach them to appreciate the best and worthiest. The abuse of the "outside activity" of reading is appalling. Look at our newspaper shops in any town, and you will see the sort of stuff that circulates. Mr. Pritchard, at one of these meetings, told us how he killed the love of the blood-and-murder concoctions among his boys by making a story on the spot before their very eyes, exposing its want of cohesion, its exaggeration its fiction that never could be found in fact, and all the rest. Many boys do go through this nasty ugly fever, but the readier we are to help them the less evil results there will be. And one good way is to have a reading circle such as I have described.

SYDNEY UNITARIAN CHURCH.

SOME few weeks ago I received a message from the Rev. W. Copeland Bowie, asking for a brief report as to the doings of our church in Sydney, for the June Meetings of the B. & F. Unitarian Association. It was then too late for any letter to reach London in time, so I am now sending a few items of information for the INQUIRER.

In the first place it may be remembered that a somewhat serious division took place ten years ago, which was healed after five years, during which time I carried on services in the Oddfellows' Temple. When our congregation returned to the Hyde Park Church, we had to take over a debt of £250. With the kind assistance of the Rev. Charles Hargrove and the B. & F. Association, and by persistent local efforts, we have now cleared off that encumbrance. Let it be said, however, that we actually paid £200, and Mr. H. C. Bell generously remitted the remaining fifty.

I have now been in Sydney for twenty years, and am able to look back upon a considerable amount of work done, as well as more that has been attempted. On the whole, the present situation is eminently satisfactory, for though the church building is not regularly crowded, the position of the congregation is more assured, and we have a perfectly harmonious committee composed of ladies and gentlemen who have the cause at heart, and who are ready to help the minister in any good work.

Our morning congregations vary from forty to eighty, the average probably being about fifty-five. In the evening we

seldom go down to two hundred, while special subjects attract three or four hundred, and occasionally more. Whether we like it or not, we have to face the fact that the Sydney people do not seem to care for, and will not come to hear, the ordinary old-fashioned style of sermon.

Our week-night meetings have been improving in quality as well as in attendance. Lectures by public men, in addition to our own people, concerts and entertainments, debates upon theological, political and social topics, and occasional social gatherings, all tend to bring our people together and suit the varied tastes of men and women who freely think for themselves.

It is sometimes a relief to utter a little growl or to express sympathy with one's self, so I may be pardoned for reiterating the complaint concerning the isolation of the Unitarian minister in this part of the world. My young friend, Rev. F. Sinclair, in Melbourne, has probably felt this after eight months of duty, and the Rev. Wilfred Harris, in Adelaide, will feel it by and bye. It is amusing to read, occasionally of some English "brother" feeling lonely because his church is fifty or eighty miles away from another Unitarian church. My next-door neighbour is in Melbourne, 500 miles away; some sixteen hours' journey in an express.

Last August I had a delightful month in Adelaide, the journey each way, by express, taking the better part of two days. It was my first visit to the Adelaide Church, and I sincerely trust it may not be the last. Having been twenty-three years in Australia without making the acquaintance of that congregation, there was, perhaps, some mutual misconception, another case of "not understood." I had been really ill for months, mainly the result of a slight sunstroke, but had kept on "pegging away," until the opportunity occurred of visiting the City of Churches and of occupying the pulpit on four Sundays. If Mr. Wilfred Harris finds the people as kind and genial as I did, he is not likely to regret his acceptance of the Adelaide pulpit. I returned home invigorated physically, mentally and spiritually.

Of the future of Unitarianism in Australia it is not easy to speak in anything like definite terms. Those who break away from "Orthodoxy" seem to run toward "Christian Science," Theosophy, Phenomenal Spiritualism, or some other "New Thought" movement; but the one great denomination to which the majority turn is that of Sunday picnics. Even the most orthodox sects are crying out. The fear of hell is losing its horrors for folk who can go for a picnic with the temperature possibly 100 degrees in the shade and 150 degrees in the sun!

One word more. Will the B. & F. Association send another visitor on a somewhat similar mission to that undertaken a few years ago by the Rev. Charles Hargrove whose genial personality is by no means forgotten? Could not one of our prominent and eloquent laymen combine business and (I was going to write "pleasure") work for the Unitarian cause; yes, and pleasure (we would see to that) at the same time?

GEORGE WALTERS.

Sydney, New South Wales,
June 25, 1908.

THE MINISTRY AS A PROFESSION.

THIS was the subject of the speeches at a meeting of the Unitarian Club, Boston, Mass., reported in *The Christian Register* of April 23.

The Rev. ELMER S. FORBES was the first speaker, and the latter part of his address was as follows:—

"The rising spirit of the age is expressed in the words 'social responsibility.' The day was when men didn't care much about the hard life of the unprivileged classes; but, thank God, that day is passing away. We are learning that man doesn't live by bread alone; we are learning that he has higher needs than those of his body; but we are also learning that, when his surroundings are narrow and squalid, when his daily toil is dull and grinding and monotonous and severe, so that he approaches the end of his day's work sodden with weariness, we are learning that he has no ears for the messages of the Spirit, that his heart is unresponsive to the Spirit's call. And, somehow or other, we are feeling a sense of responsibility for these conditions; we are feeling that somehow or other we are to blame, that the conditions are not right, that they ought to be changed; and sometimes in our enthusiasm we try to change them. But warmth of feeling does not always act according to knowledge, warmth of feeling is not always enough to lead us in the right direction, to help us out of our troubles.

"There must be trained and educated men who will show us the right way, and who with knowledge will tell us how we may apply Christian principles to this great variety of problems which are always with us. And this is the opportunity of the ministry, one of the opportunities of the ministry. The plain minister can cultivate this sense of social obligation, and he can direct it in such channels that it will not finally be dissipated as a vague feeling of restlessness and discontent, but will produce results which will tell markedly for the general good. And then this spiritual leadership is necessary in another direction. If I were asked to give what it seems to me must be the motto for the coming age, it would be this: "We are all members one of another." We are not divided into classes, it is all one common humanity; and what affects the man way down at the bottom of the scale affects another who is at the top. And this comes to us in a thousand different ways. We are all members one of another; we cannot disregard the wrongs and the sufferings and the hardships of those who are not of our own circle, not of our own class. We are all members one of another; that, it seems to me, is the voicing of the new spirit. It voices the new conception of man's relation to his fellows; and the time must come when the ministry will show us how we may work, not in our clubs for worship, but out in the world where men are struggling and toiling and working for enough bread to eat and shelter to cover them from the weather. They will point the way to this kind of service which blesses alike him who gives it and him who receives it. If the Church has lost its leadership, it is because it has lost this spirit of service. It requires courage and

determination and the willingness, if necessary, to undergo misrepresentation, and perhaps abuse, to grasp these opportunities; but once the ministry shall do that, it will take its place once more in the forefront of social and spiritual progress, and the Church will once more go forward as it has in the past, like an army with banners flying.

"I want to say just one word more to you fathers who may perhaps have sons who in the next few months will have brought before them the question, What shall I do with my life? And I wish you might tell them, with all the force which your added years can give to your words, that the only career in the world worth following is one which will lead a man to spend and be spent in the service of his fellows. He may do this in many ways, but I wish you would tell him the ministry offers an opportunity second to none—nay, it offers the noblest opportunity for a man who is willing to lay down his life that others may live nobler and sweeter and truer and more hopeful lives."

The Rev. WILLIAM W. FENN, Dean of the Harvard Divinity School, was the next speaker, who said:—"On one occasion I was consulted by a well-to-do merchant about a career for his son, who was nearly ready to enter college. In the course of the conversation I remarked that it seemed to me the boy had tastes and abilities which might make the ministry a congenial occupation, whereupon he exclaimed, promptly and decisively, 'No, no; I won't have him go into the ministry. There isn't money enough in it.' Subsequently the young man went into a mining scheme. There was soon money enough in that—after he had put in almost all that he had beyond hope of recovery. Yet my friend was reasonably accurate in his statement of fact. Perhaps there isn't very much money in it. But he was entirely wrong in his inference, which ought to have been that therefore it is a vocation especially appropriate to a young man of wealth who doesn't have to depend entirely upon his salary for a living, but who can take the unremunerative work, and, in doing it, learn the nobility of commonplace men and women, and, if he be so fortunate, win their friendship. It may be true that the financial returns are comparatively small, but there are fine and solid satisfactions in the work of the ministry which make it exceedingly attractive to young men of spiritual perception and moral purpose."

Mr. Fenn went on to speak of three satisfactions of the minister's life, as to the third of which—"the satisfaction of being of use"—he said:—"It is just at this point that many young men, I think, hesitate nowadays. They say, 'Is it true that a man is as useful in the profession of the ministry as he would be in other professions? Here are the philanthropic organisations, why should not a man work these? Can he not be more useful there than he can in the Church?' I would not for one instant disparage, or even seem to disparage, the work of philanthropic organisations, but I would simply appeal to your own experience, whether it is not true that in your own life the things which have helped you have not been so much the external advantages in your life as thoughts

which have been put into your minds. It is the ideal, the purpose, the sentiment quickened in a man's heart, which is the most profoundly useful thing. It goes to the very sources of life. Is it not true that thirty years ago there was no more useful man in this city of Boston than Phillips Brooks in the pulpit of Trinity? Was there a man in other kind of work in this city who was more deeply, permanently useful than Phillips Brooks? Or look at it, if you please, in a larger way. The most influential character in all human history, Jesus of Nazareth, most influential not only in the past, but in the present, is influential because of the thought which he put into the minds of men and the sentiment which he quickened and the attitude which he inspired in human hearts. Yes, but Jesus was unique, Phillips Brooks was exceptional. The young man says, 'I cannot by any means hope to do that.' Look at a humbler instance if you will. Owen of Wisconsin has been very much in my thought recently. When I last met him, he told me that his little church in Arcadia had crumbled to pieces. There was nothing left. 'Why,' I said, 'what is the trouble with your church? You have been here nearly thirty years. The town has not lost in population, has it?' 'No.' 'Other churches are about as strong as they were, aren't they?' 'Yes.' 'What is the matter with your church?' 'Why, I can tell you quickly enough. During these years I have sent over sixty young men and young women from this town into the professions. Some of them have gone to college, some are doctors, lawyers, teachers. Others have not gone to college, but have been at the normal school, and they too are teaching. The young people in the other churches haven't gone; they have stayed, and their churches are strong. My church has crumbled because my young people have gone out of it.' Now, wasn't that a splendid record? Old Domsie in Drumtochty declared that the grass should never grow between Drumtochty and the university until he was laid in the old graveyard; and, when from a little town in Wisconsin, by the work of a comparatively unknown man, young men and young women have gone out like that, the grass has not grown between that town and the university, and that means noble service.

"And then, the minister, altogether apart from his preaching, who, Sunday after Sunday, leads the worship of his congregation, leads them in the worship of God, in whose light the really worthy things of life are seen to be worthy, is rendering a service which touches the very springs of life. It is grand service which a minister is able to render, deep and vital. Without making any comparisons with other professions, I am thoroughly convinced that our young men if they knew the real, substantial satisfactions of the minister's life, would find it exceedingly attractive."

The Rev. GEORGE A. GORDON, of the new Old South Congregational Church, was the last speaker. In the course of his address he spoke of the great interest of religion, in the hands of the ministry, as follows:—"I am only going to say that the care of this interest is a perpetual delight. On its intellectual side it is a

growth for evermore; on its human side a burden, a great burden, but also a great joy; on its moral side a perpetual incentive to renew the pursuit of the ideal in one's personal life, and to deliver one's report of success or failure—yes, both success and failure in that pursuit, generalised in an impersonal way to one's congregation from Sunday to Sunday. It is a great privilege to have any share in conserving, in interpreting, in developing the religious interest of the world, and in giving to it increased influence over the hearts and lives of men. There is one great mistake into which we are apt to fall, and that is, we imagine that our time is the most irreligious that ever was, and that the churches are weaker than they have ever been. I think the churches have more power to-day than they have ever had. I take, for example, Scotland, where I was born. Probably in no single country since the Reformation has the church counted for more, and the church is counting for more there to-day than it ever did. As boys we did not care for the church. The minister was all right if he went our way; if he went his own way we did not care. I belonged to a Christian family; but the ministry, in the rural districts of Scotland, when I was a boy, was impotent. I have seen a congregation of seventeen hundred listening to a man who had no more to say than a scarecrow taken from a potato field. It was habit that enabled them to endure it, and the comfortable supplement of sleep. Take it in the great centres. David Hume was a Scotchman, the greatest negative thinker that ever lived. He took up by the roots the entire philosophy of the British race. What did the church mean to him, or to Adam Smith, the father of political economy, or to the great lights in Scotland of that day? Even Walter Scott toyed with the Church; he did not care for it—made fun of it when it served his cause. And a greater genius than any one of them—Robert Burns—what did the Church do for him? It was too small to let such a light in. It is wrong to be discouraged here. I once asked my friend Dr. Herrick, who served thirty-two years in Boston. 'How does the ministry of Boston to-day compare with the ministry here when you were a young man? It seems to me, sometimes, as if it had gone back in character.' 'You are greatly mistaken,' was his reply. Then he went over the list, and I saw that the Lord, by the wheels of time, had wrought, on the whole, good and not evil for the city of Boston. We have real men in the ministry to-day, a vast number of them, dealing with facts, studying conditions, and who bring to their interest in human society faith in the eternal God. And we must not lose that, for religion is not simply social work. It is the fountain whence all power flows for the improvement and transfiguration of human society. Now, you gentlemen here, I suppose, are supporters of the church. I hope you are not, as a friend of mine said he was, a supporter from the outside—not a pillar, but a flying buttress. Let us renew our conception of the permanence, the essentialness of religion to the welfare of man. Let us do our utmost to send men into the ministry. Someone was asked to explain the transformation that had come over the

streets of New York, from filth to cleanliness, and he said, 'It is all accounted for in a phrase—we put a man instead of a voter at the end of the broom.' A suit of clothes and an ordination ceremony do not make a minister to-day. It is God Almighty by His spirit breathing the breath of life into the conscience of a man, trained by a college, trained in a divinity school, sent out with his humanity all filled with the fire of a message from the Eternal, to breathe it into the souls of his fellow men. God is the maker of the minister, and for God's sake do what you can to send men of that stamp to take care of this supreme interest of our race."

CORRESPONDENCE.

[The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents. LETTERS CANNOT BE INSERTED WITHOUT THE WRITER'S NAME, and all private information should be accompanied by the name and address of the senders.]

MORAL FREEDOM.

SIR,—As the second paragraph of Miss Margaret Drummond's admirable letter may lead some of your readers to suppose that she and I differ in regard to the views therein expressed, will you allow me to say that I am entirely at one with her philosophy throughout her letter?

Had she, however, added, as Dr. Mellone did, that in this view of moral freedom she considered herself to be in agreement with "Professor Pringle-Pattison's *Hibbert* article on Martineau," I should have felt logically compelled to credit her, along with her gifted collaborateur, with the temporary possession of "a double personality."

Miss Drummond is mistaken in supposing that the question at issue between Dr. Mellone and me is about the *amount* of moral freedom which man possesses. The fact is as follows: It is quite essential to Miss Drummond's ethical theory, as set forth in her letter, that man should enjoy to a limited extent moral freedom in the *libertarian* sense. Professor Pringle-Pattison's theory, on the other hand, denies both the existence and the possibility of any such freedom. Dr. Mellone has recently on different occasions declared his agreement with *both* these theories. My letters and papers in the *INQUIRER* have accordingly been written in the hope that Dr. Mellone would throw some light on his, to me, bewildering procedure. This hope has unfortunately not been realised. Dr. Mellone either preserves unbroken silence, or baldly asserts that he sees no difference between the two theories.

CHARLES B. UPTON.

A FURTHER note from Professor Upton asks us to make it clear to any unwary readers (if such there are), that when he wrote in last week's *INQUIRER* of "Mr. Blatchford," it was not the Rev. A. N. Blatchford, of Bristol, but Mr. Robert Blatchford to whom he referred—the journalist, not the minister.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications have been received from the following:—L.G.A., W.B., R.D., A.C.H., H.M.L., G.F.M., S.A.M., M.P., W.G.P., A.H.T., P.H.W.

THE UNITARIAN VAN MISSION.

THE week's meetings have been smaller than at any time during the season, with the exception of those in Scotland, where Mr. Russell steadily gathers his crowd, despite all weather and other drawbacks. In Wales it looks as though obstructive tactics were again being resorted to by the police; and it will be seen from the present report that the missionaries have been seriously hampered during the week by measures which can only be dictated by prejudice. Capital meetings have been held in the Midlands—not large in numbers, but reported as sympathetic and attentive, and as good as any which have hitherto taken place. London still remains unsatisfactory. The meetings lag, the attendances are small, the impression produced is faint. The holiday season is also now at its height, and for a few weeks, under normal conditions, we may look for less interesting and stimulating returns than those which we have had the pleasure of recording during the past few weeks.

LONDON DISTRICT (Lay-Missioner, Mr. H. K. BROADHEAD).—The Acton meetings were uneventful to the end, involving a good deal of hard work, and scarcely creating the interest that had been hoped for. Rev. A. Hurn conducted the Mission, with the assistance of Mr. Broadhead, and one evening Rev. F. Summers came over to deliver the address. The van was then taken to Ealing, where Rev. W. T. Bushrod joined as missionary. He describes this business district as stony ground, the meetings thinly attended, the interest but slight, and orthodoxy prevalent. It seems a pity that the whole of the week has been spent in the place; but the persistence of the missionaries led to some marks of appreciation; and the missionaries have worked hard in the matter of literature distribution. The character of the neighbourhood must be allowed for, and it was perhaps not surprising that no meeting was possible on the Sunday evening. We are sorry not to be able to report more favourably. This week-end meetings are being held at Hanwell, and the Mission opens at Southwell on the 13th.

MIDLAND DISTRICT (Lay-Missioner, Mr. B. TALBOT).—The Kidderminster meetings were not over large, but they were marked by keen interest and much sympathy. The audiences held together splendidly, and the disposition is reported as admirable, excellent, and the like, showing that the missionaries were thoroughly satisfied with their reception. Rev. C. D. Badland spoke at all the meetings, and one address was delivered by Rev. G. L. Phelps. Mr. Jos. Highfield occupied the chair one evening; Mr. W. Payne rendered service every night with the literature; and a good number of singers and helpers, with Miss Carrie Badland at the harmonium, were present throughout. The next move was to the Lye, where Rev. I. Wrigley and his people welcomed the Mission with much heartiness. No preparations had been made, as the van was to have been taken to Kinver, the plan being changed at the last moment in consequence of local advice, and the desire that the Lye should be visited. Rev. John Ellis was the missionary. His meetings were interesting and successful, and the attendances satisfactory. A special feature was the large attendance

of our own people, and the effectiveness of the musical arrangements, under the direction of Mr. Pardoe. Dudley is being visited this week, and afterwards one or two of the thickly-populated districts towards Wolverhampton.

SOUTH WALES DISTRICT (Lay-Missioner, Mr. A. BARNES).—Rev. John Barron has sent in useful reports of his meetings at Clydach-on-Tawe, with figures that suggest much larger attendances than the returns which we print from Mr. Barnes. The missionary speaks warmly of his reception, of the earnestness of hearers and questioners, and of the beauty of the Welsh singing, closing with the remark that the Mission had afforded him one of the happiest and most interesting weeks of his life. He was assisted by Rev. Alva Richards and by Mr. Morgan, who has just completed his course as a theological student at a Baptist college. At Briton Ferry Rev. D. G. Rees rejoined the van. Matters proved most unfavourable here. Railway noises made it almost impossible to proceed with the meeting, but the police threatened proceedings if the van was placed anywhere else. On the second night, therefore, the missionaries left their van, and spoke from a chair in a more central position. This had a better effect, but as it was impossible to make any arrangement for regular meetings the van was moved away to Neath, where prospects were better. Here a first-class opening meeting was held in the Cattle Market, and the missionaries felt that their own had come back to them. There was consternation, however, when it was found that no meeting could be held on the Sunday. The market was locked up, and the police refused to allow a meeting in any of the thoroughfares. So a day of masterly inactivity followed—the van in the great yard, and only one small gate available for the missionary if he cared to see the town, which was denied him. At Aberdare this week-end there is sure to be improvement, and a break in the monotony of the irritating interference which has been recently experienced.

DETAILS OF THE MEETINGS.

LONDON DISTRICT.—Acton, July 27 to 29, three meetings, attendance 550; Ealing July 30 to August 2, three meetings, 380.

MIDLAND DISTRICT.—Kidderminster, July 27 to 29, three meetings, attendance 625; the Lye, July 30 to August 2, four meetings, 605.

SCOTLAND.—Grangemouth, July 27 to August 2, seven meetings, attendance 2,750.

SOUTH WALES.—Clydach-on-Tawe, July 27 to 29, three meetings, attendance 475; Briton Ferry, July 30 and 31, two meetings, 285; Neath, August 1 and 2, one meeting, 500.

TOTALS.—July 27 to August 2, 26 meetings, attendance 6,170; average, 237.

THOS. P. SPEDDING.

SCOTTISH VAN.—Here we are still at Grangemouth. Our meetings have been getting larger each evening, and on Saturday I had fully 500 men listening to me; many of these have attended every lecture. On the first night I was here the people refused our literature, now they ask for it. They are becoming familiar with the name Unitarian and with Unitarianism, and I think they are beginning to see that there

is some truth in what I say. I am told that every night groups stand about Charing Cross until 11 o'clock, discussing our doctrine. On Sunday I held my meeting at 3.30 instead of at 8, and I had an attendance of 350. My subject was "In search of a religion." A paragraph in the *Falkirk Herald*, under Grangemouth news, says, "Each evening large audiences gather at Charing Cross to listen to the Rev. Mr. Russell, a Unitarian minister." I take my van to Stenhousemuir to-morrow, Tuesday.

E. T. RUSSELL.

THE TRIALS OF A CHURCH SECRETARY.

UNDER the warm glow of the summer sun the call of the sea and the wooing of the cool hills had reached the ears even of that preoccupied gourmand for work, the minister of the——church at A, and when, one day, he cheerfully warned his church Scribe that on a certain Monday morning in the near future he intended to "accept the call" for a month, the intimation plunged the Scribe into the throes of a twofold problem. Such is life. One man's joy must often be purchased at the cost of another's trials. The minister himself had touched upon that theme in a recent morning sermon, and here, before many days, was living confirmation of its truth, together with the preacher's good judgment thereon—a confirmation which the Scribe did not appreciate with as becoming a spirit as possible. I say the Scribe's problem was a double one. In the first place it devolved upon him to find substitutes for the minister, no easy matter at a time when so many more of the brethren were receiving the "call" and finding it irresistible. Last year the Scribe found it particularly hard. There was much stress and strain of correspondence before all the dates were satisfactorily filled in; but, this done, all went well and merrily as a marriage bell—for a season. Then on the eve of a certain Sabbath, a telegram reached the Scribe, conveying the intelligence that the preacher appointed for the morrow was sick unto a breach of engagement. With the telegram in hand he went to see the schoolmaster as a man used to the ordeal of facing an audience. But the schoolmaster would have been willing, had he been given earlier warning, and in his refusal the Scribe detected a note of complaint which seemed to have a personal direction. There still remained, however, "the most influential man in the congregation," the man of leisure in addition to culture, and to him the apprehensive Scribe turned his steps. But the man of leisure had also heard the call of the seas. And so Sunday morning saw the Scribe, with all his inexperience heavy upon him, but urged to the desperate act by the official sense of responsibility, ascending the pulpit and conducting the service. There were those among the worshippers of that morning who declared that he got through very creditably indeed; other some were heard to criticise him by a standard which, in its loftiness, they had never applied to the strange young students who sometimes supplied from the neighbouring college, and one—shall it be repeated?—one darkly hinted that the Scribe was glad of the opportunity of "showing off."

Here, then, was one of the problems which the minister's smiling intimation started. I am glad to say that this year it was solved satisfactorily to the Scribe, and, in spite of his dark apprehensions his duties throughout the vacation were—well, not “ministerial.”

Now one of the Secretary's duties is to find accommodation for the supplies. Did you ever, gentle reader, set out on a mission of this nature? If so, then—unless, indeed, you belong to one of the richer flocks—you will know already what our Scribe's second problem was. The congregation at A is not markedly rich. Among its members it can only boast one big house, and the hospitable owner of that is most of his time away. The rest of the flock are good, honest, clean folk of the working order, with dwellings not commodious in any sense, but large enough at a pinch for an extra pair of legs under the table at dinner and tea. Hospitable people they can be, too—but they are strangely averse to finding a place for the visiting minister. Oh! how the poor Scribe did toil to “fix up” the supplies last year; and yet, in the end, despite every effort, they were all “accommodated” at the local Temperance Hotel, where the company was respectable enough, to be sure, but alien to a degree. Did I say all? There was one exception. He went home to dinner and tea with the secretary.

Pray, reader, do not conclude from all this that the good working folk at A have no liking for ministers. They like their company exceedingly—in the church, and in the social meeting. No people are fonder of seeing their own pastor in their homes. But to “entertain” a minister—well, that to most of them, is unthinkable. Since his return from holiday I have spoken with the pastor on the subject, and I find he has an explanatory theory of his own. He avers that both people and ministers are victims of a widespread tradition, a tradition to the effect that ministers as guests are difficult to please and difficult to get on with. I incline to agree. Somehow, the tradition seems familiar to me, but, of course, it is only a tradition; and those stories one sometimes hears of young students and young ministers—they are always young in the stories—wrapping themselves up from their simple hosts and hostesses in a mantle of taciturnity, and putting all the household ill at ease, are, of course, only the shadows of so many misapprehensions. But the traditions seems to have an existence. If the Scribe's duties are to be lightened, it is a tradition to be lived down—a ghost to be laid. The pastor tells me that he is trying to achieve this end by meeting the people often in their homes, by cheerfully joining in whatever simple meal may be in progress, and by taking an interest in the lawful things that are interesting his people in their homes, and in their places of toil. I may say, too, that the pastor has a suspicion that, in cases, some motive other than that provided by “the tradition” may be at work. He has been known to dwell on the virtue of hospitality, and the duty of going to inconveniences, if necessary, for the sake of the spirit of brotherhood.

The pastor's efforts, I rejoice to say, seem to be having some effect. This year

the Scribe induced two working class families to take a minister each. There was much hesitation, many “buts” and “ifs,” but at length perseverance bore down all obstacles, and the heavy undertaking was embarked upon. In due course the ministers came and went. One of them, at the close of the evening service, was seen shaking hands with his hostess, who, addressing him very warmly, said something of which only the concluding words, “when you come again,” reached ears other than those for which they were intended. And it is thought that the minister said something to the effect that “he should be glad to.” It is also reported that Mrs. —, the other hostess, is known to have expressed surprise that people should be so afraid of “having” ministers.

May I add that the Scribe is very cheerful about it all, for there seems good reason for hoping that at least one of his problems is being successfully solved.

P. G. W.

NEWS FROM THE CHURCHES.

[Notices and Reports for this Department should be as brief as possible, and be sent in by Wednesday, or Thursday Morning at latest.]

Atherton.—The annual “Flower Sermons” were preached, morning and evening, in Chowbent Chapel on Sunday last by the Rev. C. M. Wright, of Birmingham, who also gave a special address to children in the afternoon. The collections, amounting to more than £7, were larger than usual. From the fund thus annually collected a “Flower Committee” of young people, on every Sunday evening throughout the year, distributes among the sick and aged of the district, the flowers which have adorned the chapel during the day.

Clifton (Resignation).—A special meeting of the subscribing members of the Oakfield-road congregation was held on Friday evening, July 31, to receive the resignation of the Rev. E. I. Fripp, B.A., who had accepted an invitation to the Great Meeting at Leicester. Miss Thomas, in a delightfully expressed address, moved, “That this meeting of the subscribing members of the Oakfield-road congregation regretfully accepts the resignation of the Rev. E. I. Fripp, and, while sincerely thanking him for his zealous work on behalf of the church, very heartily wishes him God-speed and a successful ministry in his new sphere of labour.” Mr. Furber seconded, and the treasurer supported the resolution, which was carried *nem. con.* Miss Thomas, in moving the resolution, said:—“We cannot have been acquainted with Mr. Fripp for nearly three years without recognising the high order of gifts he brings to his profession. Besides the spiritual fervour and religious aspiration we have appreciated in his services, he has devoted to the church the gifts of his artistic training and cultivated literary taste, and these, either in personal intercourse, or in the societies belonging to the church, or in the lectures he has so generously given in its aid, have been a source of inspiration to many, the influence of which will remain as an abiding good. I am sure we shall wish to thank Mr. Fripp for the work he has done here, while we express our heartfelt good wishes for his future.”

Coalville.—The two last Sunday evening services of the Unitarian Society were conducted by two lady members. On July 26 Mrs. Joyce preached a sermon on “The Future Life,” and on Aug. 2 Mrs. Chapman on “God Knows it All.” The services were well attended. The congregation hopes soon to be in its own new Mission Hall, where it will be possible to have a Sunday-school. An earnest and hopeful spirit pervades the congregation.

Dover.—On Sunday evening, July 26, Mrs. Ilona Givner occupied the Adrian-street pulpit, and gave a most powerful and interesting address on the lessons of the Flowers. Mrs. Givner is always a welcome speaker from platform or from pulpit. To listen to her is to

receive an inspiration to lead a high and pure life, and to learn to see common things from a higher standpoint. A few days before, a flower show took place, in which the Sunday-school children and other young people connected with the church were the competitors.

London: Mansford-street.—The twenty-fourth annual flower show took place on Wednesday, July 22nd, when nearly one hundred plants were exhibited out of the two hundred sold in May. These figures show a decline on the last two years, owing no doubt to the fact that several neighbouring Council Schools have taken up window gardening. The quality of those brought in showed a high average, and the judge, Mr. G. H. Ellis, had some difficulty in selecting the prize winners. The room was decorated by many pot plants, kindly lent by members, and also by fifteen tables of cut flowers arranged by competitors the previous evening, and adjudged by Miss Hope Pinker, of Essex Church, who awarded two prizes. At 8.30 the Rev. F. Freeston took the chair, and after a few words from the secretary and the judge, Mrs. Freeston proceeded to distribute the prizes. The winners of the spring (bulb) show also received their prizes, together with three children for best bunches of wild flowers gathered at the excursion. Included in the show were some specimens of needlework done by members of the Girls' Sewing Class. Miss Keeler judged the specimens, and selected two for prizes. The result of the outside window garden competition for prizes provided by the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association was not announced, owing to a late start, due to the cold spring. The Association was to send down their judge this week.

London Sunday-school Teachers.—On Monday, by the kind invitation of Sir Edwin and Lady Durning-Lawrence, a large party of Sunday-school teachers and ministers from our London congregations visited King's Ride, Ascot, where they were most hospitably welcomed and spent a very happy day. The party was conducted by the Rev. John Toye (Limehouse), and his brass band once more discoursed excellent music for the company. Before returning home, short speeches were made by the Revs. J. Toye, F. Summers, E. Ceredig Jones, Principal Gordon, and J. C. Allen, an American visitor. Lady Durning-Lawrence and Sir Edwin, who, with a number of friends, had been assiduous in attending to the comfort of their 230 guests, expressed their pleasure in receiving so many good workers in the schools. This was the twenty-sixth annual party of the kind.

Northumberland and Durham Unitarian Association.—This association carried out a very successful festival at Barnard Castle on Bank Holiday. The idea originated with the Rev. A. Hall, of Newcastle, and the scheme rapidly matured under the secretaryship of the Rev. S. S. Brettell. Various friends, with the ministers of the district, assembled in the morning, and after visiting the pretty little church, went by the woods to Rokeby, immortalised by Sir Walter Scott. The tea was served upon the lawn at Startforth, on the invitation of Mr. Geo. Charlton. Ample arrangements were made, and, at a short informal meeting, presided over by Rev. W. H. Lambelle, a hearty vote of thanks was accorded the host, Rev. A. G. Peaston suitably responding on his behalf. A feature of the evening was a fine programme of popular and classical music contributed by friends at Startforth. The visitors, to the number of 140, were photographed in a group.

The highest compact we can make with our fellow is, “Let there be truth between us two for evermore.” Between simple and noble persons there is always a quick intelligence; they recognise at sight, and meet on a better ground than the talents and skills they may chance to possess—namely, on sincerity and uprightness. For it is not what talents or genius a man has, but how he uses his talents, that constitutes friendship and character. The man that stands by himself, the universe stands by him also.—Emerson.

OUR CALENDAR.

It is requested that notice of any alteration in the Calendar be sent to the Publisher not later than Thursday Afternoon.

SUNDAY, August 9.

LONDON.

Acton, Creffield-road, 11.15 and 7, Rev. ARTHUR HURN.
 Bermondsey, Fort-road, 7.
 Blackfriars Mission and Stamford-street Chapel, 11 and 7, Rev. J. C. BALLANTYNE.
 Brixton, Unitarian Christian Church, Effra-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. G. C. CESSEY, D.D.
 Child's Hill, All Souls', Weech-road, Finchley-road. Closed until September 6.
 Croydon, Free Christian Church, Wellesley-road. Services suspended during August.
 Deptford, Church-street, 6.30, Mr. C. H. NORTHMORE. No morning service.
 Essex Church, The Mall, Notting Hill Gate. Closed for alterations until August 30.
 Forest Gate, corner of Dunbar-road, Upton-lane. Closed for cleaning.
 Hackney, New Gravel Pit Church, Chatham-place, 11.15 and 7, Rev. H. E. LATHAM.
 Hampstead, Rosslyn-hill Chapel, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. W. H. DRUMMOND, B.A.
 Highgate Hill, Unitarian Christian Church, 11 and 7, Rev. A. A. CHARLESWORTH.
 Ilford, The Cleveland Hall, Cleveland Road, 7, Mr. S. P. PENWARDEN.
 Islington, Unity Church, Upper-street, 11 and 7, Rev. E. SAVELL HICKS, M.A.
 Kentish Town, Clarence-road, N.W. No morning service during August; 7, Rev. F. HANKINSON.
 Kilburn, Quex-road, 11, AMHERST D. TYSSEN; 7, A. H. SINGLETON.
 Lewisham, Unitarian Christian Church, High-street, 11 and 7, Rev. GEORGE CARTER.
 Little Portland-street Chapel, 11.15, Rev. GORDON COOPER, B.A. No evening service.
 Mansford-street Church and Mission, Bethnal Green, 7, Rev. GORDON COOPER, B.A.
 Peckham, Avondale-road, 11, and 6.30.
 Plumstead, Common-road Unitarian Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. L. JENKINS JONES.
 Richmond, Free Church, Ormond-road, 11.15 Rev. FELIX TAYLOR, B.A. No Evening Service.
 Stepney Green, College Chapel, 11, Mr. W. K. MARSHALL; and 7, Mr. EDWARD CAPLETON.
 Stoke Newington Green, 11.15, Miss MARIAN PRITCHARD. No evening service during August.
 Stratford Unitarian Church, 11 and 6.30, Mr. E. WILKES SMITH.
 Wandsworth Unitarian Christian Church, East Hill, 11 and 7, Rev. W. G. TARRANT, B.A.
 Wimbledon, Smaller Worple Hall. Closed until August 30.
 Wood Green, Unity Church, 11 and 7, Rev. DR. MUMMERY.

ABERYSTWTH, New Street Meeting House, 11 and 6.30, Mr. GLYN AMMANFORD EVANS.
 BATH, Trim-street Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. R. SHANKS, of Holbeck.
 BEDFORD, 2.30 and 6.30.
 BLACKPOOL, Dickson-road, North Shore, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. ROBERT MCGEE.
 BLACKPOOL, South Shore Unitarian Free Church, Lytham-road South, 11 and 6.30.
 BOURNEMOUTH, Unitarian Church, West Hill-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. C. COE.
 BRIGHTON, Free Christian Church, New-road, 11 and 7, Rev. PRIESTLEY PRIME.
 BUXTON, Hattington-road Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. GEORGE STREET.
 CANTERBURY, Ancient Chapel, Blackfriars, 10.50, Rev. J. H. SMITH.
 CHESTER, Matthew Henry's Chapel. Closed for alterations.
 DOUGLAS, I.O.M., The Gymnasium, Kensington-road (off Bucks-road), 11 and 6.30, Ministers from Manchester and District.
 DOVER, Adrian-street, near Mariet-square, 11 and 6.30, Rev. FREDERIC ALLEN.
 DUBLIN, Stephen's Green West, 12, Rev. G. V. CROCK, of Cork.
 FRAMLINGHAM, 11 and (first Sunday in month only) 6.30.
 GUILDFORD, Ward-street Church, North-street, 11 and 6.30, Mr. GEORGE WARD.

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HASTINGS, South Terrace, Queen's-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. S. BURROWS.

HARROGATE, Dawson's Rooms, St. Mary's Walk, 6.30, Rev. E. THACKRAY, M.A., Ph.D. "Ethics and Religion."

HORSHAM, Free Christian Church, Worthing-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. J. MARTEN.

LEEDS, Mill Hill, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. CHARLES HAEGROVE, M.A.

LEICESTER, Free Christian Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. GERTRUD VON PETZOLD.

LIVERPOOL, Ancient Chapel of Toxteth, 11 and 6.30, Rev. CHARLES CRADDOCK.

LIVERPOOL, Hope-street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. JOHN BIRKS.

LIVERPOOL, Ullet-road, Sefton Park, 11, Rev. MATTHEW WATKINS; 6.30, Rev. J. C. ODGERS, B.A.

MAIDSTONE, Unitarian Church, Earl-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. ALEXANDER FARQUHARSON.

NEW BRIGHTON and LISCARD, Memorial Church, Manor-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. PARRY.

NEWPORT, Isle of Wight, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. M. LIVEN.

OXFORD, Manchester College, 11.30, Rev. Dr. ODGERS.

PORTSMOUTH, High-street Chapel, 6.45, Rev. JAMES BURTON, M.A.

PORTSMOUTH, St. Thomas-street, 6.45, Rev. T. BOND.

SCARBOROUGH, Westborough, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. H. MCLACHLAN, M.A., B.D.

SEVENOAKS, Bessell's Green, The Old Meeting House, 11.

SHEFFIELD, Upper Chapel, 11, Rev. C. J. STREET, M.A.; 6.30, Rev. SYDNEY H. STREET, B.A.

SIDMOUTH, Old Meeting, High-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. WILLIAM AGAR.

SOUTHPORT, Portland-street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. E. ATACK.

TORQUAY, Unity Hall, Lower Union-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. E. O'CONNOR, B.D.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS, Dudley Institute, Dudley-road. Closed during August.

WEST KIRBY, Tynwald Hall, opposite Station, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. W. HAWKES.

WINDERMERE, Bowness Institute, North Terrace, 11, Rev. DOUGLAS WALMSLEY, B.A.

GERMANY.

HAMBURG, The Church of the Liberal Faith, Logenhaus, Welckerstrasse, 11, Rev. GARDNER PRESTON.

SOUTH AFRICA.

CAPETOWN, Free Protestant (Unitarian) Church, Hout-street, 6.45, Rev. RAMSDEN BALMFORTH.

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BIRTH.

ROSSINGTON.—On July 31, at Ardeevin, Cadogan-park, Belfast, the wife of the Rev. H. J. Rossington, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

HIBBERT—SCOON.—On July 23, at Hyde Chapel, Gee Cross, by the Rev. A. R. Andreae, Godfrey, younger son of the late John Hibbert, of Brookside, Godley, to Annie, widow of the late George Scoon, of Kelso, N.B.

WOOD—BURGESS.—On August 3, at the Memorial Church, Liscard, by Rev. A. E. Parry, John Kerfoot Wood, D.Sc., of Dundee, son of John Wood, Old Trafford, Manchester, to Marion Dora Burgess, third daughter of the late Herbert Burgess, of Battle, and Mrs. Burgess, The Summit, Liscard.

DEATHS.

LLOYD.—On July 26, at Fir Grove, Menai Bridge, Anglesey, Ellen, widow of the Rev. Dr. Lloyd, formerly Principal of the Presbyterian College, Carmarthen.

SMITH.—On July 31, at 28, Queen's-road, Cheadle Hulme, Elizabeth, the dearly beloved wife of James Smith (late of Crumpsall), in her 73rd year.

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